THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, June 16, 1926 | Number 6

CONTENTS

The Festival of the Free 141
Week by Week 143
The Friends of Brownson 147
The Peopling of America 148
The Fascist Labor Legislation . . L. J. S. Wood 149
Russia Loses Her Monasteries . . . . . Catherine Radziwill 150
Catholicism and Greek Rite . . . . W. L. Scott 152
The Teacher (*verse*) . . . . . Leonard Feeney 153
From Door to Door . . . . Maude Dutton Lynch 154
Church Music in Toronto . . . . . J. E. Ronan 156
Communications 157
Poems ..... Thomas Walsh, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay 160
The Play ..... R. Dana Skinner 161
Books . . Charles Yon Chandler, Edwin Clark, William Franklin Sands, Barry Byrne, George N. Shuster 162
The Quiet Corner 167

THE FESTIVAL OF THE FREE

THE edges have been worn off the old jubilant words of the Declaration, in the 150 years whose passing Americans now gather to commemorate. Are not "freedom" and "equality" mere phrases, after all? Even phrases whirled at us out of an almost forgotten human tempest, in the passion of revolutionary illusion? The present inventory of the national life is indeed likely to be a catalogue of cynicisms. We could not have grown old without tiring, and we were very old to begin with. It is hard for men whom experience has made relativists to view formulae with enthusiasm. But though none of us may recapture the flame which tipped the pen of Jefferson with immortality, we can arouse ourselves to a healthy warmth that will prove, at least, we are more than merely mortal.

This sesquicentennial is really a festival of the free. Possibly the vast riches of the continent our fathers explored and dotted with fabulous cities is a basic reason why we have never been doomed to the social and economic rigidities of other lands. America is the promised domain of Thoreau's mouse-trap maker because there are crowds of people here able to buy mouse-traps. As a nation we can scatter wilfully the luxuries of civilization; as individuals we have the power to escape stratification. The great iron rules of hunger and socialization are even yet dictates which we can successfully ignore. Therefore, it is patriotically dutiful that we take in with a breath the epic aroma of our achievement—the long, new roads from somewhere to an everlasting nowhere; the endless cabins in the disappearing forests; corn rising and bending on the plains; the intoxicating harvest of gold and precious ores; and the quick, tumultuous, appalling urban condensation, bringing webs of steel rails, great harbors, shimmering streets. The pioneer, however, eludes all imagery: he is more titanic and muscular than any statue could become.

But the victory over matter is truly only something like cleaning up the back yard. Indeed, this long continued indulgence in mechanics is probably the most substantial reason why we, as a people, are humble. Nowhere else have so many prophets arisen to upbraid and scoff at the business of building houses in which nobody has learned to live. It is the whole doctrine of a man like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram that architecture is a sensible concern only when it is intended for human beings. It is the entire point about an institution like the University of Chicago that money is good because it aids the tranquil study of the stars.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here are few men to join with Spengler in a pessimistic renouncement of culture. And yet the attempt to discern the spiritual code upon which the nation takes its vows is extremely difficult. Because America has been so consistently dynamic in expression, one is puzzled to admit the underlying static motivation.

In 1844 Emerson said to Young America: "I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart and be the nobility of the land." One might look long and fail to come upon another phrase which divines so sharply the tempo of the national existence. Sometimes this people has hungered after righteousness; but always it has had the secret ambition to be noble. A literature often flaccidly romantic is saved by the virtue of the will it enshrines. Even the restless prowling after wealth has been humanized by the dream of carrying on like a grand seigneur, dispensing bounty and reveling in the distribution of cheques. When Mark Twain—almost the last of the great American rationalists—peered about for a fundamental sham, he found it in the practice of chivalry according to the model of Ivanhoe. And it was really our coveted opportunity, as it probably was our day of disillusionment, that we came back to Europe under cover of a crusade.

So permanent has been this resolve to "be the nobility of the land" that we, more than any other people, have stuck to the details of our code. The great rebels amongst us have all been Europeans; and whenever, in literature, art or politics, power has risen directly from the soil it has been dedicated to the defense of law. Hawthorne grew, but in a straight line; Lincoln was rooted in the earth like a vigorous tree; and the career of Robert Lee was a panorama of the rules of honor. No other people would have left undisturbed, save for a handful of random additions, the fundamental constitutional law of the land. In our own day it may indeed be true that a certain sphere of uprooted intelligence, homeless in its own land, spins about in cosmopolitan fuzz; but this has really nothing to create for us as a people, because it does not understand us as a people. Here the chief social virtue is fidelity.

Naturally, this civic firmness has dangerous implications. The cycle of intolerances is curiously regular and large, governed as it is by the rhythm of a consciousness which sees now this, now that favorite belief endangered. There have been grim moments when it seemed that America would betray itself through exaggerated legal literalism. But almost always the citizenry has reacted by admitting that to "be the nobility of the land" meant, in the finest sense, to abide by the generosity of tolerance. It has sooner or later become clear that largeness of soul is the first meaning of magnanimity. And when Lincoln said, "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in," he gave the rule of tolerance a definite form which nothing honestly American can disturb.

All these things, and more which might be added, indicate the apparent dualism of American life—the complex working combination of fidelity and considerateness. It has not always been understood; and many of the critics who have struck violent blows at the national mind have surely been misled into thinking of the two elements separately. Those who stand aghast at the prevailing neglect of their intellectual and moral importations wonder first why Americans are so amiable toward these ideas, and secondly, why Americans are so indifferent to these ideas. Beyond any doubt they might find an explanation in the experience of the Catholic Church during the decades of the republic's existence. This church has profited by the reign of tolerant opinion. Though even from the beginning some of its members have doubted the practicability of establishing the Catholic idea under alien stars, progress has been steady and prevailingly sure. Indeed, one may say that this progress has been the supreme test of the virility of the American principle.

Looking back over 150 years, we can estimate the general trend of what has been an extraordinary religious and national achievement. It has not merely been possible to incorporate millions of wandering incomers into a concrete spiritual society; it has also been increasingly habitual to draw from the surrounding world representatives of every other kind of religious ideal. But apart from these practical tasks there have been two successes of symbolical value. The first is the development of a beautiful tradition, ubiquitous and native to the land—a tradition the various scenes in which are colorful with Californian olive gardens, Mississippi hills, Maryland waters and innumerable towers and fields; a tradition which has earned its own right to exemplify the nobility of man through sacrifice and service, through heroism and manly courage; a tradition forever identified with whatever vista of the past is opened to the eyes.

The second success is the reverence for American law which the Catholic idea has inculcated. Here once again it is necessary to distinguish between the spirit and the letter. There are, indeed, multitudinous possible statutes which, each in its own way, violate the national purpose. And surely one great historical glory of the Church in the United States is that, realizing in its own life the blessings of wedded nobility and tolerance, it has never once, since the humble beginnings in Maryland, used its power selfishly or arrogantly. It has, in its own defense, waged many a battle that also, as the issue proved, saved the national honor; but it has never cried, "Vae victis." Therefore, through an eminently fortunate coincidence, the sesquicentennial and the first Eucharistic Congress to be gathered in the United States open at approximately the same time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE case of Senator William E. Borah is typical of a tendency that has not received the attention it deserves at the hands of those who study the strange pranks which human nature so often plays with the wisest and most fool-proof of political institutions. Elected to represent the opinions, or, if you will, the prejudices, of a single state in the union, Mr. Borah is found so often a lonely protestant against what he considers the unwisdom of his fellows in the Senate and country that gradually he has become a national figure. Great importance has come to attach to the views he chooses to enunciate upon any question at any time. Hence when the Senator from Idaho, scenting a constitutional danger in the proposed referendum upon the workings of the Volstead Act, constituted himself the guardian of the Constitution, undefiled and unquestioned, it was not to be expected that the powerful bodies who are responsible for the Eighteenth Amendment would try to conceal their satisfaction in finding so very redoubtable a champion on their side. The letter which Assemblyman Phelps Phelps, of the Tenth Manhattan District, has seen fit to address to the western legislator is not likely to abate the enthusiasm of these admirers, and the fact that it comes from an active worker in the party to which Borah is ostensibly affiliated will hardly unsettle a man whose political allegiance has always been uncertain.

BUT one point which the New York man makes is worth considering by itself. Upon the score of political good manners, it raises the entire question of the rights which a state still possesses under the original Constitution, and the competence of a citizen outside of that state, no matter how prominent or eminent, to interfere actively in its affairs. As Mr. Phelps very convincingly puts the case: "If Idaho has a state referendum, my hope is that the moderates win; but I would do nothing to bring such a condition about, regarding the matter as one for the men and women of Idaho to settle for themselves." The system of checks and balances under which we live, does, it is true, provide a machine whose function it is to decide in cases where state and federal rights clash. But this machine is not the United States Senate. Far less is it the unassisted judgment of any one senator, however distinguished, though Mr. Phelps sarcastically foresees a time when some new constitutional amendment may speed up legislative processes by making it so. Senator Borah already has the right to challenge the constitutionality of the referendum—and the Constitution provides a way and means for him to do it. Meantime, his active interference in New York State politics is something which every citizen of the Empire City or State is within his rights in resenting. Legislators from the South or West who make metropolitan morals their personal charge, need to be reminded that mere size does not avail to make big cities a federal responsibility. Providence and geography have placed them within states that have legislatures and legislators of their own, quite capable of dealing with their peculiar problems.

BEFORE delivering his Arlington address, President Coolidge apparently did not refresh his memory on the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. But he placed the nation into the first rôle with a deftness, an exactness, and a triumphant gusto which are, in their way, quite inimitable. It was so easy to invite the nations of the world to a birdseye view of all the nice things Americans have—reduced taxes, collected war debts, peace, freedom, and bouncing dinner pails. The more hungry the spectators, the more merrily they must have joined in the applause which a great people, through its representative, showered upon itself. But the compunction and self-searching with which they hearkened to good advice concerning their own misdemeanors was really the important aspect of the occasion. A world which wishes to enjoy the friendship of the United States, remarked the President, is expected to live up to a code of conduct which is: harmonious dwelling side by side with its neighbors, balanced budgets, faithful paying of its debts.

A WORLD of this stamp will find us fairly good company and need not even fear what we may say behind its back. Which is admirable advice on the whole—a splendid constitution for a new age! But in the midst of their compunction and self-searching, a few of the spectator nations seem to have been bothered by a few consequential details. Apparently

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they recalled that the causes of the migration to the United States during the nineteenth century were, in the final analysis, the difficulty of adjusting conflicting national and racial interests and the continuous bother of budgets, private and domestic, which simply would not be balanced. Strangely enough, they seem to have noticed the presence of a miniature tempest which lasted during a trifling period of four years. And we are informed—possibly it escaped the President's attention—that they missed in the official American hortatory remarks a quality which, in their ignorant, antiquated vocabulary, is usually termed common sense.

THE reported withdrawal of Brazil from the League of Nations and the reduction of her participation by Spain to the mere presence of a junior diplomat with a watching and reporting brief, is a heavy blow to the harmony and authority of the body at Geneva. There is the additional disadvantage that the blow is self-administered. The opposition to Spain is not difficult to understand. A quarter of a century ago, the then British Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, made the graceful gesture of referring to the old country of the Cid and the Conquistadores as one of "the dying nations." Her tenacity in remaining alive and her insistence upon the prestige of the living, may well prove distasteful to powers who, while asserting that their ends are peace, continue to conceive and assess authority on potentialities for disturbing it. The sourness to Brazil's pretensions is less easy to understand. There is much justice in the contention of the big South American sister that, unless and until the United States enters the League, hers will be the only voice to speak for the Western Hemisphere at the permanent Council board. On the face of it, one would have looked for a warm welcome, in any capacity, to a power so respectable and so eminently qualified to speak impartially and dispassionately in a crisis. Nothing continues to discredit the League in American eyes more than the recurrent evidences that under its professions to be a league for free and open discussion, it is really a league for control. The advisory board has disciplinary powers and may adopt the New York World's genial suggestion and give Madrid and Rio Janeiro the option of "backing down before October, or of being summarily backed out." But it will not wear a pleasanter face to the general world when resentment has been gratified to the extent of cutting off a nose.

TWO news items reported by our enterprising contemporary, The Universe, of London, bear out the saying that where religious matters are at stake, it is pretty safe to expect the unexpected in news from France. At Tours, a judge and jury have just imposed a sentence of fine and imprisonment upon an anti-clerical lecturer for a libel, uttered by him in a lecture, not upon any particular party or parties, but upon the Catholic body generally. The slander took the ridiculous, but what one unaware of the peculiarities of French jurisprudence would consider the very safe, form of asserting that "Catholic priests are criminals and the real authors of the war in 1914." A local branch of the Association of Combatant Priests, formed of clerics who saw service at the front, took the vicious statement up, and the result has been vindication to the tune of a prison sentence and a fine of 2,000 francs. It would be interesting to see the French view of responsibility for corporate calumny applied nearer home to some of the disreputable sheets which make wholesale defamation and scurrility the meat of their ill-printed columns.

ONE of the weaknesses of the law of libel, as it is administered in Anglo-Saxon countries is that, while to asperse individuals by name brings speedy and unpleasant results, anonymous blanket slander which covers with obloquy whole communities, and by implication, the men and women who belong to them, is a safe, and presumably profitable occupation. The fight for religious freedom in France has been aired a good deal lately in these columns from various and sometimes contending angles. Proof that elements exist in France which inspire hope and confidence in a just issue are always coming to hand. An additional instance that deserves mention is the action of the courts at Marseilles, one of the storm centres of the struggle. As a sequel to the savage attack reported at the end of last year upon a congress of the National Catholic Federation, in which ten people lost their lives, they have just directed the municipality to furnish compensation, totaling half a million francs, to the families of the victims.

THERE is an element of drama in the suddenness with which the "play juries," whose very existence was only revealed on the eve of action, have struck at the evil of suggestiveness and indecency upon the stage. The idea of employing groups of citizens to report upon and, where necessary, condemn theatrical offerings, was first mooted some six years ago, and though the plan has been constantly aired in the press and upon platforms ever since, this is the first instance, if we except a report on three plays of a serious nature last year, where it has actually got to work. It is interesting to note that its functioning now has only been rendered possible by an agreement with the Actors' Equity Association to abide loyally by the decisions taken, and apparently, to judge from the statement attributed to one of the managers whose performance was condemned, it may be rendered nugatory by a withdrawal from that body.

IN other words, law has yet to speak the deciding word upon the system of purification inaugurated by District-Attorney Banton. Meantime, the nature of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the entertainment attacked by the play juries at least marks a happy departure from the procedure followed by similar movements in the field of literature, which has earned for them the reproach that the major evil was being shirked. This may be defined as concentration on the comparatively few instances where erudition and art were employed to dubious purpose, with wholesale indulgence for thinly veiled pornography and suggestiveness so long as it wore the mask of ineptitude and vulgarity. The new censorship has its reputation still to make, but in its present action there are two extremely hopeful signs. One is that it is being undertaken in coöperation with actors, actresses, and managers who have the best interests of their art at heart. Another is that the size and weight of offenders is not going to confer immunity.

THE acumen displayed by native literary critics in detecting the Cleone Knox hoax, after it had reached them with the imprimatur of, at least, some British reviewers, and with the unqualified commendation of a legal luminary whose business in life has largely been detecting discrepancies in evidence, is all to the credit of native scholarship. But it is interesting to note that the authenticity of the headlong adventures of the Young Lady of Fashion crumbled on a mere piece of carelessness over the date of issue of The Castle of Otranto, and not upon the evidence which, to anyone acquainted with the turns of thought and phrasing of the eighteenth century, was apparent upon every page of the book. Failing this one fatal "slip-up," in a matter of months, it is to be feared that all the accumulated authority of men who have made the history and literature of two centuries ago their special study, would have been so many voices shouting in the void—so many evidences of the love of the carping "high-brow" for picking holes in the literature which the great public likes served and seasoned to its taste. The swoon of the Young Lady of Fashion as she is faced by detection will not, it is to be feared, set a period to her imitators. But it will make the hoaxers very, very careful how they venture henceforth on historical dates and data.

AMONG the centennial celebrations of the year, there are few that strike the thoughtful heart as does the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Catholic publishing firm of P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Publishers come and go like the autumn leaves, and he who reads the annals of the American publishing world, the names on the older books and magazines, will search in vain for the firms that produced them and in many cases find it impossible to trace the histories of their rise and fall. A publishing house existing one hundred years is an admirable example of stability. One of the speakers at the dinner tendered the P. J. Kenedy and Sons firm at the Hotel Astor in New York on June 5, touched a vital spot when he spoke of the fact that the good things endure, and the really poor and weak things perish. One hundred years of growth, slow, sure, and healthy is something to be proud of and something upon which this fine old firm may plume itself, in honest pride and satisfaction in a trust fulfilled and a great work accomplished for the good of religion, for American thought and culture. The story of Kenedy and Sons reveals the dependence of our earlier days upon the literature and art of Europe. With the new era, there has come an added reliance upon purely American literary effort, a recognition that in scholarship, letters, and the arts we are coming of age and are no longer suppliant to France, Germany, and England for our cultural maintenance. The present vigorous firm of Kenedy's envisages the new century with the powerful background of its fine traditions, and will do much to further a literary development both Catholic and American in the best sense.

ONE aspect of the life of the early Church which still awaits adequate study and description, is the part played by Roman patricians who, having been attracted to the Faith, devoted much of the power of their minds and wealth to the defense and the charities of the brotherhood. They are unusually noteworthy because, all equalizing theories to the contrary notwithstanding, they were unusually important. Though the time is now quite different, standards of human value have not changed. When a successful man like Mr. James J. Phelan, of Boston, realizes the opportunity he has been given to aid the mercies and principles of Christendom, there is every reason why we should rejoice in the good he can do and applaud him with such honors as we can give. The action of Pope Pius XI, in conferring upon Mr. Phelan the distinction of a Knight Commander of the Order of Pius IX, is therefore exceptionally appropriate. No other American has received this distinction, which as a rule indicates that the recipient has been, in an outstanding fashion, "kindly and generous to the poor." Mr. Phelan's interest in orphaned children is, though not widely known, magnanimous and redemptive. Because he is also a director of the Calvert Associates, we here share in a particular way the noble honor with which he has been endowed.

WHILE liturgical music is being emphasized in an impressive manner at the Eucharistic Congress and at the Sesquicentennial, where the Catholic choirs of Philadelphia will present a distinguished program, attention is directed once again to the pedagogy of religious music as formulated by the Pius X School of Liturgical Music at the College of the Sacred Heart in New York City. This school, formally approved by the reigning Pontiff and placed under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, combines instruction in melodic art with study of the sacred

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liturgy as a part of Christian life. From its beginning it has profited by the Benedictine scholarship and piety which gave Mrs. Justine Ward her inspiration and equipment. Although Abbot Ferretti, the eminent authority on Gregorian chant, will not be able to supervise the courses this year, the faculty will nevertheless be complete in every way and will derive lustre from the presence of a successful Canadian liturgist, the Reverend J. E. Ronan. It is believed that the attendance will be large and promising, that the work accomplished will be memorable, and that another step will have been taken in the direction of promoting adequate religious art in the United States.

THE summer session, which will extend from June 28 to August 7, is to open with an impressive Field Mass, at which the Auxiliary Bishop of New York will pontificate. Three thousand children from schools in which the Justine Ward method is an integral part of the curriculum, are to sing the Mass of the Angels; and the men's choir of the Pius X School will supply the chant of the proper of the Mass. After this admirable illustration of the goal to be achieved, the educational work will proceed according to a schedule of courses exceptionally rich and varied. The demand for courses in Gregorian chant, we are told, is increasing rapidly each year, because it is recognized as the base and model of all true liturgical music and as the only type that can be sung well in the average parish choir. Directors and organists will find the training in Gregorian chant and correlated subjects of practical value. Demonstrations at all Gregorian classes by boys and girls will aid the students in their study of Gregorian principles and give them opportunity to observe the result of choir training based on a thorough musical foundation.

IN a recent paper written to honor the work of Giovanni Fossà, a prominent sociologist, Cardinal Billot has emphasized the danger of attempting to compromise, on topics of a political or social character, with erroneous doctrine. "Let us suppose," he writes, "that a city chemist should entertain the barbarous idea of diluting with water a medicine which needed its full strength to offset the attacks of a malignant disease. Would this man be less a criminal than the professed merchant of poisons? Now then, we see that the bowels of society have become the prey of a terrible malady which can cause social death. We are the physicians who have been summoned to the bedside. Shall we dilute the medicine of saving doctrine? This doctrine is the whole truth, the boundaries of which are not limited to revealed dogmas but extend to the entire body of teaching which serves, protects, and defends these dogmas, just as the fortifications of a city serve, protect, and defend it. That much of current sociological doctrine is irreconcilable with this body of teaching is obvious; and those who forget this are quite like soldiers who surrender outlying defenses and open the citadel to attack."

THESE authoritative remarks imply that a knowledge of sound sociological doctrine, combined with a reasoned acquaintance with social facts, is largely indispensable to those who would properly combine the performance of civic duty with the practice of religious faith. And so the publication of Practical Social Science, by Dr. John A. Lapp (New York: The Macmillan Company) is a literary event of more than ordinary importance. The author, whose experience in the field of applied sociology has been wide and deserving of the honoring attention it has received, presents a mass of reliable data skilfully organized in conformity with the best methods. Many readers ought to find it a serviceable introduction to the study of the abidingly valuable literature on the subject—a literature which, contrary to widespread opinion, has been contributed to masterfully by spiritual scholars even in the modern era. Dr. Lapp's book ought also to help out wonderfully in the classrooms where the student is invited to prepare for charitable living.

DEPLORABLE as the condition of affairs in Presbyterian theological circles may be, nothing could be gained by an attempt to gloss over difficulties and assume that harmony exists. For years, the gradual drift toward modernism, as illustrated so well in the career of Dr. Raymond Fosdick, has made inevitable a time when the difference between dogmatic revealed religion and naturalism would, among the liberals, become so slight as to be imperceptible. Perhaps Dr. J. Gresham Machen, the keystone of the conservative arch, may be less tactful and diplomatic than the desirable ideal leader should be. But he is clearly right when he says: "The plain fact is that two mutually exclusive religions are contending for the control of the Presbyterian Church. One is the great redemptive religion known as Christianity. The other is the naturalistic and agnostic modernism opposed at every point to the Christian faith. A separation between the two is the crying need of the hour. That separation alone can bring Christian unity." Compromise between directions is impossible. No man can go north and south at the same time. A religious faith cannot deny and affirm simultaneously. Meanwhile, the existing relatively hypocritical compromise endangers the confidence of thousands who look trustingly to theological authority for guidance and light, and who are themselves too simple to unite in their hearts the story of Christ and the critical portrait which has been fashioned by the sceptical.

THE publication of the Religious Press Digest, whose first number appeared during May, is perhaps a sign of the increasing interest in religious thought. Doubtless the intellectual substructure of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one's loyalty to a spiritual creed is less likely to be mere routine inheritance than was formerly the case. Even while men who normally gave little thought to traditional Christianity are driven, by more or less pragmatic reasons, to affirm the usefulness of religious faith, the controversy about tenets of belief grows steadily more strenuous. We judge from the initial number of the Religious Press Digest that its plan stresses the largest possible amount of eclecticism; that it expects to deal preëminently with topics of interest to all the churches; and that the material reprinted is to be selected with a view to its timeliness and intellectual value. The fact that The Commonweal is among the journals from which the Digest garners its material suggests once more the value of effective Catholic journalism—a value which is really inestimable when one remembers that outside good will is often earned quite as much by justness of temper and calmness of mind as by cogency of argument. We might add that a great deal of the comment reprinted from non-Catholic sources appealed to us as helpful, sincerely moral, and illuminating. The Digest, which is issued in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, ought to prove a valuable addition to American religious journalism.

WHILE several investigators are adding up the juicy details of what are considered the younger generation's wanderings off the path of righteousness, it is a pleasure to turn to the following random thoughts, found in the dressing-table of a woman who some years back was glad to give up the honor of being America's best feminine golfer for the sake of a relatively large amount of original investigation into the subject of childhood. The following are some of the conclusions, set down here without further comment: "Bringing up my children is, to me, symbolical in a very real way of the religion of Christ. Both are rich in the paradoxical rewards of affection, as for instance, 'Blessed are they who suffer.' The more love one devotes to either, the more love also does one receive—though sometimes in disguise. The unreasonable things children do to us are exactly like the hard knocks we get in life. It is hard to understand why your child, for whom you work hour after hour, will tell you a lie or steal from you—just as it is difficult and baffling to see a dear friend die while an imbecile goes on living. Children simply can't understand why they have to do certain things—accept certain eventualities. Neither can we. But as we grow older we find the answer in that tremendous word—faith—which in turn we teach our children through constant affection for them. It is a task that requires patience. Yes, the utmost patience. We need to feel the vast responsibility of the job, and realize that we shall go on living in our children, almost in the same way as we shall live eternally in the spirit of Christ's charity. To do one's best for these little ones is therefore really to gain a foretaste of immortality. And that is why a home without children in it, is, to me, like a home which has never welcomed the love of the Master."

THE protest issued by the administration committee of the Federal Council of Churches regarding military training in high schools and colleges, popularly known as the R. O. T. C. movement, is not a very convincing document. A certain hesitation in following out the pacifist argument to its logical conclusion is typical of the groups which believe that war is made more imminent by familiarizing the youth of the country with the handling of arms. Thus, in the present case, the Reverend Sidney L. Gulick, secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Good Will, is at some pains to make it plain that the committee's objection to military training does not extend to the old-fashioned exercises upon the drill-ground, but to "the highly technical and systematic training, including combat drill, such as is provided in units of the Reserve Officers Training Corps." In a word, the drudgery of "squads right" and "right front into line," need not be denied the youth of high school and college age, but the very interesting and intricate manoeuvres which give them a meaning and incidentally an excellent chance to acquire habits of mental and physical alertness, are to be taboo. One fancies that no particular paean of thankfulness on the part of normally constituted boys and young men will greet a compromise which accords them full permission to hang their equipment on a hickory limb but never, in the interests of international peace, to venture near the water.

THE FRIENDS OF BROWNSON

IN the American tradition of the Catholic layman, Orestes Brownson remains an individual and a force, a personality and a program. No man was ever more thoroughly an American, coming as he did from the stock which may be termed the human root of our culture, and living out in an energetic fashion the varied experiments in living which have been tried enthusiastically by the American mind. As a writer he probably lacked style; as a philosopher he may have sacrificed eclectic cogency to intuitive depth; as a man he probably was often furious where he should have been urbane. But he did actually write, think, and live on a high level and with exceptional vigor. Of him it may be said—a rare tribute—that he was satisfied with nothing less than sincerity.

Nothing is so deplorable about contemporary cultural life as the failure to codify experience. When the precocious children of illuminati appear before the world as connoisseurs of cosmopolitan fuzz at the tender age of twelve, there is little hope that what is honest and indigenous in the national tradition will become a natural part of education. To this habit Brownson, however attentively he studied the Europeans, would have been ruggedly opposed. He knew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the strength of this soil; and though sometimes he stalked like a grim, destructive harvester among the intellectual things it produced, he was interested in nothing more deeply than in its aptitude to flower into a sturdy cultural harvest. Though his criticism was concerned with subjects now largely out of mode, it itself had that precious quality of virility which is the foe of all dilettanteism.

Therefore, it is encouraging to note the appearance, in Eucharistic Chicago, of a pleasant circle of "Friends of Brownson." The dinner recently tendered by this youthful organization was first of all a pledge to the memory of Brownson, and an expression of the hope that the idea may take root elsewhere. Qualified speakers—in fact, they were among the best obtainable—stressed the significance, the patriotism, and the genius of the famous editor and pamphleteer. One wishes that those who were unable to attend might be led to read at least the Valedictory appended to the last issue of Brownson's Quarterly. It is a document which touches the heart and reveals the fundamental tenderness of the man, even as it is an expression of sad conviction that the voice of "one crying in the wilderness" would not be listened to in its own generation. But buried in his heavy books are salutary pages of counsel, of profound scholarship and effective thinking, as worthy of disinterment as are the strong memorials of earlier American art and handiwork. Some day, perhaps, they will live again.

THE PEOPLING OF AMERICA

ANYTHING which Dr. Ales Hrdlicka has to say about the ethnology of this continent is always worthy of careful attention. In his recent report (Smithsonian) on the Amerindian race, he stresses his belief, in common with the great majority of ethnologists, that this race is homogeneous, entering America from Asia, by what we may call the north-west passage, in the Alaskan region. That there may have been, from time to time, landings made on the western shores of the continent by Chinese, or denizens of the South Sea Islands, is highly probable. There may even have been small settlements made by these, probably of a temporary nature, and little affecting the racial character of the district.

All this we may admit without surrendering to the utterly unproved theory that the civilization of the great races of Central America came from Cambodia. This theory is based upon a supposed, but much disputed, representation of an elephant's head on the Copan Maya stela. Dr. Hrdlicka may feel sure that he has all serious ethnologists concurring with him in his first point.

There follow two questions. First, when did these immigrations take place; or, how old is man in America? Dr. Hrdlicka points out that the relics in north-eastern Asia, whether skeletal or of implements, all seem to belong to the new-stone period of the old world, and are, consequently, of no very great age. Relying on this evidence, he concludes that man did not cross over from the old to the new world until either quite late in Paleolithic days, or in the early Neolithic age—probably from ten to fifteen thousand years ago. That would, according to present views, be long after the termination of the last glacial epoch.

Calculations regarding this epoch are largely based on the erosion at Niagara and at the Falls of Saint Anthony—both, like all important waterfalls, post-glacial phenomena. These calculations must, of course, be tentative, but Professor Coleman, F.R.S., a great authority on the glacial period, has recently given it as his opinion that about twenty thousand years have elapsed since the ice fully disappeared from the region of the Great Lakes. If that be so, we may suppose that when man first began to penetrate this new country, he did so under conditions not greatly differing from those of today.

That brings us to the second question—how did man come? Not, of course, on horseback—for the horse was not known until white men brought it to this continent. Then, doubtless, they walked—and, having regard to the rigors of the climate and food difficulties, they probably came in small bands. Dr. Hrdlicka thinks that the first to arrive were long-headed, and were the progenitors of the Algonquins, Iroquois, Sioux, and Shoshone groups, which spread as far as Tierra del Fuego.

Then came a second flood, but this time of broad-headed people, which worked its way down the north-west coast as far as Peru, and is known as the Toltec type. Finally, so far as any considerable immigrations were concerned, came the invasions which produced the Eskimo and the Athapascan. The former spread all over the north, and formed the most specialized of all the Amerindian types. The latter, broad-headed, and of all Amerindians most resembling the north-eastern Asiatic Mongol, found its path stopped, most of them remaining in Alaska. Some, however, moved down the west coast to Mexico, forming the Hupa, and also to Arizona, constituting the Apache.

Over and above all this, remains the enigma of the great and cruel civilizations of the central regions —what caused the great development there, and prevented it in other parts? The Lost Atlantis theory is wholly unproved. This district was, no doubt, one of intensive cultivation—a form of culture belonging to a higher civilization than that of nomads or wild seed-eaters. But that does not answer the question as to where the Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas got their civilization. If dates are right, it was not by any means as advanced as European civilization of the same era; but that the two can be spoken of in the same breath shows that the level was quite high—perhaps not unlike that of Carthage in its prime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FASCIST LABOR LEGISLATION

By L. J. S. WOOD

THE general strike in England should make the world think, and there are two directions in which its thoughts may turn. The first is toward the Leo Encyclicals, the best known of which is the Rerum Novarum, but the conditions of the workers have so changed since 1891 that, while Pope Leo's principles remain, their practical application is out of date. The second is toward the Fascist labor legislation, the one big attempt that is being made to systematize constitutionally the relations between employer and employed. Not enough attention has been paid to the Italian government's comprehensive capital-labor proposal by the world in general which, avid of sensation, has regarded it as just another item in "Mussolini eccentricity" and, instead of studying it, has passed on to the next murder or other striking headline. But it is a big idea.

Its first object is to eliminate strikes and lockouts. Differences between employers and employed are to be settled by consultation between representatives of the two bodies, failing that by the arbitration of a constitutionally appointed labor judiciary. There can only be one single collective representative on each side, the "corporation" of employer and that of employed. Any existing syndicate, association, coöperative society, or other organization which finds place within the constitution of the state can continue to exist, but no non-national organization, secret society, revolutionary syndicate, or similar body is allowed legal existence. Existing labor syndicates will affiliate themselves and entrust the safeguarding of their material interests to the single representative corporation. The same on the side of the employer. The Fascist ideal is one "global" corporation but, this being found impracticable, there is a corporation for each branch of industry, the "globality" finding expression in the constitution of a new ministry of corporations in supreme organizing control. The Reform of the Senate will introduce into that body a technical element, an equal number of experts selected by the corporations of employers and employed and a small number of independent experts selected by the government, all these to be approved and nominated by the Crown.

The Fascist idea is that everyone who contributes to industry—in which is included Italy's main industry, agriculture—either capital or brain or manual labor, is working for the nation. Capital is not working primarily for the highest possible dividend nor labor for the biggest possible wage. It is the business of the state, representing the nation, to see to it that every worker, whatever form his contribution may take, gets due return for due contribution. Roughly, Fascism sees itself as putting into practice in the purely civil sphere Pope Leo's principle of duties as well as rights, rights as well as duties, of employer and employed. On this consideration basis, replacing that of desire only of personal gain, the nation will be prosperous.

In matter of Catholic principle the proposed legislation is not perfect. In the Consistorial Allocution of December 14, 1925, Pope Pius XI said: "While appreciating in fullest measure everything which tends to prevent or even attenuate class warfare and to coordinate the work of all citizens for the common good, we regret that, while in these days laws are being framed in what are called economic and social matters, it has not been thought possible to take full and due account of Catholic teaching." The point is the liberty of every individual worker to unite, in the way and measure that seem best to him, in defense of his interests. There is, too, the further point that the nation is not the supreme thing; above the nation is the Kingdom of God, "Christ King," the Social Reign of Christ. In practice, also, the new legislation may lessen the individual rights and effectiveness of existing Catholic organizations. But the authoritative guidance now issued instructs such organizations to enter into and take advantage of the new scheme.

Catholic principle, however, remains. And here we come back to the first point. On this urgent social problem there is need of, and the whole world would surely welcome, the authoritative enunciation of a big guiding principle or principles. That enunciation must proceed from an authority which, first, is recognized to be completely impartial; and second, has the means of letting its voice be heard by the whole world. There is but one such authority, the Pope, the mouthpiece of the Catholic Church. He has no ends to serve save his one and only ultimate aim, the salvation of souls; the means in this instance, social peace. And it may surely be taken for granted that all good religious men and bodies, having the same end in view, would unite themselves with him.

Two things, however, must be noted: first, that such enunciation of principle, coupled, perhaps, with suggestions for action, would not be in the least "infallible," it would be nothing more than an exposition of the teaching of the Catholic Church of what is right and just on a certain social problem. And the biggest thinkers of the Church have been studying such problems, in relation to the varying circumstances of the times, for a considerably longer period than anyone else has been able to do. Second, the Church, that is the Pope, does not come out with such an enunciation except in response to expressed and evident desire. What happens is that it becomes evident

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Rome that there is a big problem and that the thoughts of the world are exercised on it. Rome, then, instructs its experts, historians, theologians, canonists, to get to work on it, to tabulate all that has been thought and said on it from time immemorial, in matter of principle and in application of the principle or principles to existing conditions. Finally, the mouthpiece of the Church, the Pope, embodies this teaching of principle and, as far as may be, its application to the existing conditions of the times in an encyclical as guidance to the three hundred odd million Catholics who look to him for guidance and to all others of good will who are not too prejudiced to realize its value.

Conditions have changed enormously since Leo XIII issued, in 1891, the Rerum Novarum, and the other encyclicals, many of which, though popularly overshadowed by the most famous document, should also be studied in connection. It is not for the writer to judge whether Pius XI will think it wise or opportune to speak on the urgent problem of the moment or on any other subject, but there is nothing to prevent, and the critical conditions of the times do seem to call for, the preliminary spade work of the competent. Much has been done and written on this subject, particularly in the United States. In general, too, there is more than one association of experts in the Catholic world—and, without doubt, also among non-Catholics—studying urgent problems of the day, and it is known that those in authority, in governments, in the League of Nations and elsewhere, are glad to have put before them such statements of principle and suggestions of application to existing problems.

It so happens that conditions in Italy have produced a man of remarkably clear insight and determined action. But neither Mussolini, man, nor Fascism, régime, are "articles of exportation." What is to be remembered is that neither the one nor the other could have done what they have done for the country if they had not had behind them the support of the good sense of practically the whole people. That good sense must find expression suitable to particular country, people, place, conditions. It has expressed itself to meet the emergency of the moment in England; its permanent expression there is yet to be seen. In any case, there and elsewhere, authoritative guidance in principle, if possible with up-to-date interpretation in practice, is the first need.

It is a fact that the only ultimate resort that the employed have to protect themselves against what they feel to be injustice is a strike. Similarly, in the occasional instances when the employed have, say, broken a pledged agreement, the only ultimate resort of the employers is a lockout. No good, nothing but immense harm, moral and material, results. It fell to England to be brought face to face suddenly, through the development of industrialism, with a crisis so serious as, surely, to have brought home to the shallowest thinker the realization that such a condition of things is all wrong and must not continue. That is why Mussolini's plucky move is worth studying and why the world may well seek guidance.

RUSSIA LOSES HER MONASTERIES

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

NOT long ago, the newspapers published a cable from Moscow, saying that the Soviet government had decided to suppress monasteries in Russia. The report was given in a casual manner, as if it were a matter of course; and but few among those who read it realized that it constituted one of the most abominable attempts ever made to destroy religion completely in poor unfortunate Russia.

To understand the immense consequences of this Bolshevik atrocity, one must realize the fact that the Greek Orthodox priests are divided into White and Black groups. The first are parish priests, who have married before they were ordained, and who fulfill the duties of average clergymen—baptize, marry, and bury their parishioners, and instruct small children in the parish schools (or, at least, did so when these schools existed). These can never be raised to the rank of bishop, unless they lose their wives and, being forbidden to remarry, enter a monastery with the hope of being able to rise to one of the high dignities of the Church. Formerly in Russia one could find among them real saints, and excellent priests, but also (alas, more frequently the case) very ignorant men without any education whatsoever, prone to friendliness with the peasants of their parishes to the extent of taking part in all their revels. They were never esteemed, save in quite exceptional cases, and their conduct generally justified the kind of ostracism in which they were held. Parish priests in large towns were a little better, but this did not mean much, and in general the White clergy constituted a class without any energy, dependent on its parishioners for the means of existence. Nine times out of ten, its representatives were faithful servants, and, let us say the word, spies, of the government, keeping it informed as to the political opinions of the parishioners.

On the other hand, the Black clergy in Russia were the bulwark of the Orthodox Church, for many of them were remarkable prelates and enlightened and independent men. Bishops, archimandrites, and metropolitans could only be chosen from the ranks of the Black clergy, and the most brilliant theologians of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russian church have always been monks. The Religious Academy in St. Petersburg had among its professors talented scientists and writers, and historians of rare value. If the Orthodox Church in Russia contrived to maintain its independence, not becoming the humble servant of the czars, it was due to the Black clergy—to these men who in the Kieff Lavra, the Troytsky monastery in Moscow, and the Alexander Newsky convent in St. Petersburg, held high the torch of the Russian church, calmly confronting the emperors who attempted to subdue it. Dean Stanley, who studied and knew so well the constitution of the Greek church, once speaking of the Troytsky monastery, called it the "Oxford of Russia," and it is certain that the most remarkable theological books explaining the Orthodox doctrine were written there by monks who frequently did not even sign their names to them. The Russian who entered monastic life was supposed to renounce his personality and to become an unknown servant of God.

Monks, of course, could celebrate Divine Service, but they were not allowed either to baptize, or to administer the sacrament of marriage. They officiated at burials, and presided at Vesper services. They were allowed to hear confessions, but this was rarely, if ever, done. Their time was supposed to be spent in prayer and study, and in the care of their dioceses. In a word, the Black clergy were rarely seen.

The Black clergy, however, have always constituted one of the greatest moral powers in Russia. Their influence was enormous, and whenever any czar instituted a reform in the administration of his empire, one of the three metropolitans who headed the Russian church, and held the sees of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, was invariably consulted. When Alexander II liberated the serfs, it was the venerable Philaret, the metropolitan of St. Petersburg, who was asked to write the manifesto announcing it to the world. Even the czar bowed his proud head before those representatives of his church, who, under their long and floating black veils, could hurl down anathema, and compel recognition of their moral authority. Only the Black clergy could ordain parish priests and suspend them from their functions if they deemed it advisable. It was they who kept alive instructions, science, and art in the Russian church, which, but for them, would have crumbled long ago.

As a rule, monasteries were rich, but they knew how to use their money, and spent it judiciously and well. The library of the Troytsky monastery was, before the Bolshevik upheaval, one of the most important in the world, and contained priceless books and manuscripts. The Kieff Lavra had a renowned observatory where most of the great astronomers studied. The Alexander Newsky convent practically superintended the work of the Religious Academy in St. Petersburg. Each of these famous retreats, as well as all the smaller ones, of which so many were to be found in the Russia of old times, contained within their walls, schools, dormitories, hostelries where wearied travelers could rest and obtain a lodging without being compelled to pay for it, and hospitals where pilgrims were nursed back to health. Russian convents were small towns in themselves, through the narrow streets of which silent, black-robed and black-veiled figures were seen gliding noiselessly along in their mission of relieving suffering. The population that did not esteem its parish priests, never failed in its respect for the Black clergy.

Now all this has ended. At one stroke, the Bolsheviks have done away with monasteries, and monks; suppressed bishops and metropolitans, replacing the latter with degenerate members of the White clergy who have repudiated the validity of Holy Orders conferred according to the old canons of the Eastern church, and ignored the ancient rule which required bishops to take vows of eternal chastity, poverty, and obedience. These have constituted themselves into what the Bolsheviks call the "Living Church of Christ," an assemblage of men who see in the church only a career and a means of living, and who are but too ready to help the Soviets in their destruction of faith in God.

The suppression of monasteries in Russia means much more than it does in other countries where there still remain priests with high ideals, imbued with the spirit of sacrifice, and where the disappearance of convents does not attack the principles of church hierarchy, or break the traditions which bind it to the Apostles themselves. With the destruction of the Black clergy in Russia, religion itself will disappear; the validity of Holy Orders will be impaired; priests will become in reality the servants of the state; respect for God's word and obedience to the Scriptures will be annihilated; and the torch of religion, which great monks such as Philaret of Moscow, Andrew of Ufa, or Benjamin of St. Petersburg (atrociously murdered by the Bolsheviks) had held so high, will cease to burn. Materialism will reign instead. Churches will be deserted because people will refuse to pray before desecrated shrines—to kneel in temples from which Divinity has been expelled.

The Bolsheviks knew what they were doing when they destroyed and suppressed monasteries, and understood perfectly that in doing so they would hurl back into a state of savagery millions and millions of ignorant Russians who will really believe that the religion of their fathers has disappeared with the monks who taught it for so many long centuries. As for the educated classes, it is inevitable that they, also, will detach themselves from this old Russian church which was a part of their country, and either rally to that of Constantinople, accepting the supremacy of the Greek patriarch residing there, or else, weary of struggling, anxious for moral peace and moral support after their long mental agony, will turn to Rome, and seek there the guidance they have lost and the faith they are anxious and eager to retain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLICISM AND GREEK RITE

By W. L. SCOTT

THE recent movements toward reunion on the part of the Anglican church and certain sections of the Eastern churches, is lending new importance to the use of the term "Anglo-Catholic" affected by the former. So long ago as April 15, 1925, Mr. Condé B. Pallen, in The Commonweal of that date, emphasized the apparent inconsistency of its reassumption after so many years of disuse, and protested, with a great deal of reason, against the appellation "Roman Catholic" which non-Catholics seek to force on us.

There is, nevertheless, a sense in which such designations as "Roman Catholic" and "English Catholic" (though scarcely, perhaps, "Anglo-Catholic") may be legitimately used. To say, for instance, that a man is an English Catholic does not imply any limitation or qualification of his Catholicity. It merely conveys the information that besides, or apart from, his being a Catholic, he is by nationality an Englishman. Similarly, were "Roman Catholic" to be employed with reference to a Catholic who was a citizen of the City of Rome, just as one might say a "New York Catholic" when referring to a Catholic residing in the City of New York, the use would be unobjectionable.

Nor are nationality and citizenship the only respects in which Catholics differ one from another without ceasing to be Catholics. They also differ, for instance, according to the Catholic rite to which they belong. But, as in the case of nationality, so in that of rite, the difference imports no qualification of their Catholicity. A Coptic Catholic is just as much a Catholic as one who belongs to the Latin rite and the designation "Coptic" no more implies a limitation of his Catholicity than does "English" or "American." We Latins are inclined to look on our fellow Catholics of eastern rites as at most only half Catholic. Yet they are every bit as much Catholics as ourselves.

Their rites are in no way inferior to ours. They are on exactly the same level. The Latin rite has no superior position in principle, though it has a practical superiority, arising from its vastly greater number of followers and from the fact that the Pope is of that rite. We are far too ill-informed regarding our fellow Catholics of other rites. Yet, owing to the influx of immigrants from eastern Europe and western Asia, the subject has of recent years become one of vital importance to the Catholics of this continent. I may therefore, perhaps, be pardoned a few words of explanation.

While the word "rite" has other meanings, a Catholic rite may, for our present purpose, be conveniently described as a group of persons within the Catholic Church, having their own liturgy and liturgical language, their own local canon law and local customs, and having in particular their own local ecclesiastical government, consisting always of their own priests, almost always of their own bishops and archbishops, and sometimes of their own patriarch, to whom their archbishops and bishops are directly responsible, but subject always to the general law of the Church, to the Roman congregations and to the supreme authority of the Pope.

Taking "rite" in the sense thus indicated, there are at present in the Catholic Church no less than nineteen rites. Three are western—the Latin, the Mozarabic, and the Ambrosian. The others are eastern and comprise the Chaldean, Malabar, Catholic Coptic, Catholic Abyssinian, Pure Syriac, Catholic Armenian, Maronite, and nine variants or branches of the Byzantine or "Greek" rite, namely, Pure Greek, Italo-Greek, Catholic Georgian, Melchite, Catholic Bulgarian, Catholic Serbian, Catholic Rumanian, Catholic Russian, and Ruthenian. It is with these nine Byzantine rites that I am at present concerned. Each has its own separate ecclesiastical organization and while their liturgies are very largely identical, their liturgical languages differ. Their members, also, differ widely in nationality, in spoken language, and in geographical distribution. Included among them are Arabs, Syrians, representatives of the various Slav nations, Italians, Greeks, and Georgians. The vast majority of them are Greek neither in nationality, nor in spoken language, nor in the language of the liturgy. Yet they all call themselves "Greek Catholics," a name, moreover, universally conceded to them by their neighbors. What the name implies is that they are Catholics in religion and Greek in rite. Their liturgy is that of Constantinople, universally known as Greek even when not expressed in the Greek language. Greek is, in fact, a misnomer: Byzantine would have been more appropriate. But Greek is so well established and widely adopted that to change it would now be impossible.

Let me not be misunderstood regarding these various rites. In mentioning, for instance, the Georgian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Rumanian, and Russian, I am speaking of Catholic rites. The overwhelming majority of the people of Georgia, Bulgaria, Serbia, Rumania, and Russia belong, of course, to the schismatic Orthodox Eastern Church. In some of these countries there are, moreover, considerable numbers of Catholics of the Latin rite. In Russia, in particular, the Latin Catholics are far more numerous than the Uniats. It is not to either the Orthodox or the Latins that I am referring here, but to small bodies of Uniat or Eastern Catholics, who constitute the rites that I have mentioned.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Pallen, in the article already referred to, said: "The branch theory of a section of Anglicans in the Established Church of England and Protestant Episcopal Church in America assumes that there are three Catholic Churches, the Anglo-Catholic, the Greek Catholic, and the Roman Catholic Church, and endeavors to substitute for Catholic Church these divers appellations."

This, of course, correctly summarizes the theory referred to, save for the use of the term "Greek Catholic." The three "branches" of the "Catholic Church," presumed by Anglican advocates of reunion, are the Church of England, the Church of Rome, and the Orthodox Eastern Church. But while, according to this theory, the last named body is a "branch" of the Catholic Church, its adherents do not call themselves "Greek Catholics," nor are they called so by anyone familiar with church terminology in the East. "Greek Catholic" has a very definite and well-understood meaning. It signifies a Catholic who belongs to any one of the nine Byzantine Catholic rites of which mention has been made. It does not mean a member of the Orthodox Eastern Church. This is not a controversial statement. It is a statement of a fact which no informed person would attempt to gainsay.

In the East the name "Greek Catholic" is universally and upon all occasions conceded to those of our faith and is assumed by no one else. Every Eastener who calls himself a "Catholic" or a "Greek Catholic" is one of us. No doubt in theory the Orthodox Eastern Church claims to be Catholic (though quite contrary to the obvious geographic fact) just as we claim that our faith is orthodox, but in practice they concede the former name to us, as we do the latter to them. It is a curious fact that the Turkish official name for the Orthodox Eastern Church is the Roman Nation, a strange legacy from the empire, dead so many centuries ago! When used in the East, therefore, or in an eastern context, the word "Roman" is ambiguous, since it may refer either to us or to the Orthodox, whereas the word "Catholic" can refer only to us.

The misuse in the United States and Canada of the term "Greek Catholic," when referring to the Orthodox Eastern Church, is supported by no authority whatever, and it seems to me very important that Catholics should do everything possible to prevent the misuse of the term "Greek Catholic," lest perchance it should be permitted to acquire a meaning which it does not now possess and which would work injury to the Catholic cause, both here and in the East. There are in the United States about half a million Ruthenian Greek Catholics, with two bishops of their own rite, and in Canada nearly a quarter of a million of them with one bishop. There are also in the United States about twenty-five thousand Melchites and a large body of Catholic Rumanians. All of these people call themselves "Greek Catholics" and, moreover, usually add that they are not "Roman Catholics," by which latter term they mean Catholics of the Latin rite. It is obviously of great importance that the religious status of these people, our coreligionists, should be understood. It is also important that the name which they invariably apply to themselves, should be preserved to them and not forced on others who do not at present answer to it!

It is equally important that we should not lose, in the East and among eastern peoples, what we now enjoy, namely, the exclusive right to the use of the name "Catholic." Despite the popular misuse of the name "Greek Catholic" (not always entirely innocent, I fancy) the Orthodox have not so far, I believe, adopted it either here or in the East. Certainly in Canada there are as yet no "Greek Catholics" who are not of us and if there are any such in the United States, they are no doubt persons who have left the Church, taking with them their Catholic name. In the East, while "Catholic" is still our exclusive property, there are signs of a change. Very recently a Rumanian university professor launched a campaign to endeavor to induce the Orthodox Eastern Church to appropriate the name "Catholic." The East is very conservative and the professor's campaign may fail of effect. Let us not, however, lend aid to it by tolerating, or by failing to do what is in our power to correct, the use of the name "Greek Catholic" in a sense which is at present entirely erroneous.

The Teacher

I drudge and toil—but I have my hour
As I sit in my high-backed chair,
With the wide adoring eyes of youth
Upon me there.

I tell them the tale of the mighty horse
That straddled the gates of Troy,
And it puts the wonder on Timothy,
The grocer's boy.

I tell them of fair Endymion
Who slept by the mountain stream;
And little Hubert, the tinsmith's lad,
Begins to dream.

And the tale of the winds and the Aulian maid
Who died on the golden sands
Makes David, the baker's son look up
And wring his hands.

Oh, there is a dream that is lightly passed,
And one that is ne'er forgot!
But what will become of the dreaming lads
That I begot?

Who'll mend the kettles and pots and pans
Forever and ever more?
And what will become of the baker's shop,
And the grocery store?

LEONARD FEENEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM DOOR TO DOOR

By MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH

TODAY I went through a beautiful door. It had been a monotonous day with a mental atmosphere like a Scotch mist, and the errand I was on only one of many petty tasks that had filled the hours too full to admit of anything but hurry and pushing through crowds, when suddenly I found myself face to face with this beautiful door. For the first time that day I paused, and with my hand upon its latch my thoughts, so drab a moment before, because iridescent and sparkling. It was as if a stone had been miraculously lifted from my spirit and left it free to well up again in a natural, bubbling stream.

I had only a moment to linger there but the feet of the mind are swifter than the feet of the body. I flew down the centuries and stood beside a thatched farmhouse with door ajar into a spacious kitchen. In the chimney blazed an open fire, its orange, red, and gold burnishing the grey-stone room. A long deal table gave length to the long room, simply set with the commonest utensils and bearing the day's meal—coarse bread and wine. I could see that a hush had fallen over the household, as the goodman took his seat. Beside him, grief-stricken, sat his wife, his life-long companion and helpmeet. The servants stood at their places mute, uncomprehending. Reverently the old man lifted the wheaten loaf, and making over it with his great knife the sign of the cross, cut a portion for each. In silence they all ate it unhurryingly as cattle munch their evening meal in their stalls. Then the goodman rose, grasped his staff and cloak, and going about the table clasped in turn the horny hands of each and said adieu. They brought from the stable his horse, like themselves a heavy, patient product of the soil, and he pulled himself up into the clumsy saddle. His goodwife lifted his sack behind and he moved off, never looking back, south, ever south to Jerusalem.

It takes a vast bundle of words to form a picture, but this picture did not come in words. It flashed in and out of my mind in the brief moment that I stood before that door. It vanished as I passed into the room beyond, but it left the day changed, as a cool sensitive hand touching lightly an aching brow relieves for a while its fevered pain and leaves the mind clear like a limpid pool. "That is a beautiful door," I faltered, as I finished my errand, the desire to share my delight forcing the words through my hesitant lips. "You noticed our door?" came the eager answer. "It's a memorial door to our founder. When he died this doorway was built by the countless small contributions from those whom he had helped. It seemed a lot more fitting than a stained-glass window or any kind of a monument—more like himself, something needed and common, that anyone could use, and yet beautiful. We call it the 'Crusader's door.'"

All my life I have been a lover of doors and doorways. When I dream of England I see the exquisite little Norman doorway of Iffley Church near Oxford, with its slender columns crowned by carved arches, curving one above the other to form a veritable aureole, and when at times I long for my own New England, down through the vista of my memory I see standing there, severe and yet of enduring beauty, the colonial doorway of my grandfather's house.

I recall the story of the man who was hunting for a house and baffled all the real estate men, for he was always letting himself be led straight up to the front door and just as the agent was about to unlock it would turn saying, "No, I don't want this house," and go. No amount of persuasion could bring him inside. Finally, half in jest, they took him to a pre-Revolutionary house, so built that its Spartan builder had seemingly shaken his fist in the face of all modern plumbers. For years it had stood there, cold and pipeless, an anomaly in our modern civilization.

Hither, was led this new Diogenes seeking for a home. It seemed to the real estate man that his client walked up the overgrown flags to the front door with more than usual slowness. Merely as a matter of form he began fumbling in his pocket for his keys when a hand behind him suddenly reached forward and began rattling the door-knob. "Hurry up and find that key," cried a new voice tense with eagerness. "This is the house I want. Just look at that door!"

Artists, of course, have always been fascinated by doors. Ghiberti gave years of his life to creating the bronze doors of the baptistry at Florence, weaving with hardened strands a fabled fabric as mystical and delicate as if it had been woven of looping silk or thread. And in former days artisans were the blood-brothers of the artists. They recognized—builders, masons, hewers-of-stone though they were—that a doorway was more than a passage for the stream of life to flow through. In Holland the door with its upper half flung wide—the so-called Dutch door—was no mere accident. Its massive lintel and sill were a fitting frame for the poster-like picture of dykes and windmills done in solid colors that the old Dutchman looked out upon; or the realistic Van der Meer kitchen with its glistening coppers that one saw in looking in. Thrift and prosperity painted within; thrift and prosperity painted without, framed by that Dutch doorway stiffly and substantially, as one would frame his geneological tree. These half-open doors were fitting symbols also of that mixture of Dutch kindliness and native reticence—one could lean over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this commodious half-door as one smoked one's pipe or knit a sock, and gossip leisurely with all passers-by, without actually sharing the intimacies of the hearth with all comers—perhaps another sign of Dutch thrift.

But doors such as these apparently made no appeal to our Mayflower ancestors during their brief sojourn in Holland. Those old builders of Duxbury, Salem, and Litchfield had a very different conception of what the front portal of a house should be. However severe and conventional the beautiful lines of the colonial houses were, each front doorway was distinctive and decorative. It was as if here, for a moment, the builder was permitted to loosen his skilled fingers from the grasp of Puritan traditions and let some of the blood of remoter ancestors flow back through their veins. Not that any colonial builder ever shook himself completely free! These doorways stand before us restrained, cold, and formal in their beauty—true off-spring of these reserved, undemonstrative, plain-thinking New Englanders—yet in these doorways the builders let their imagination play for a moment with fluted columned façades, hand-wrought iron palings, exquisite leaded sidelights, and spreading fans above.

These doorways were stately and dignified, not to be opened lightly a dozen times a day for such commodities as groceries or morning papers. Their opening was an occasion, surrounded by ceremony, such as the welcoming of an honored guest whose journey in the lumbering stage-coach or on horseback was a lifetime event, or again they were the proper setting through which to carry those other voyagers who without shrift or pence were passing onto more distant shores. Noble and reposeful in their beauty, these doorways bespoke a stock of which we all are duly proud. One knew that behind such doorways there were ordered households, staunch ideals of family life, and a seclusion that bred individuality and character. As we pass by these doorways, set back from the elm-lined streets, we see instinctively the face of a sober generation, God-fearing, Bible-loving, respecting the rights of all men.

But it is perhaps the cathederal builders of the middle-ages who have fashioned for us the immortal doors; those doors of undying splendor. Porches, these doorways generally were, as if to restrain the too hasty entrance into the House of God. It is as if these builders wished to emphasize the sill over which one was to pass, to render time that one's thoughts of this world might give way to thoughts of other-worldliness. There were many things also beside the porch to bespeak lingering to an entering guest. Here was the Bible writ in stone, a petrified, illuminated missal. The three arches of the Chartres Cathedral doorway are as inexhaustible in poetry and story as the King James version or the Roman prayer-book. Here are about us saints and prophets, angels and archangels, choirs and heavenly hosts. Here are creeds and chorals, litanies and Te Deums reaching out from these doorways to all of God's children. The great, mystical doorways built out of man's yearning, man's need, man's faith, man's desire to be with God.

Again we see faces coming out of the past—faces that Dürer painted, and Raphael, Michelangelo, faces of sturdy stock and yet of meditative beauty, and we see hands, multitudes of those praying hands that Dürer drew, for these cathedral doorways are the journals of those illiterate folk who peopled the middle-ages. They bespeak a people who knew no distinction between life and religion and for whom the Church was the communal home. We see no black coats and sombre Puritanical faces passing through these doors at stated hours, but all day long up and down the stone streets pass and repass the market woman with her basket on her head, the carter, whip beneath his arm, a little mother dragging a child by either hand, a brown-cloaked friar, a gowned student, a smocked peasant. These cathedral steps were worn by human feet long before the tourists began to visit them, for these doorways so rich in their carved garlands of leaves and flowers, so human in their rendering of Biblical tales, and so often touched with the comic spirit, are the expressions of a people to whom religion was a festival, a people to whom each day was a saint's day, to whom such common acts as the breaking of the daily bread was a sacrament not to be done without a murmured prayer. Great, massive, beautiful, cathedral doorways, on which is written the diary of the middle-ages.

And then I think of the modern door—the countless modern doors through which I have passed on my day's work in quest of friendship—hundreds and hundreds of doors, mill-turned, neatly stained or painted, with well-oiled hinges and trim Yale locks. Thoroughly practical doors, built to keep out the cold and safeguard our slumbers at night; restlessly swinging to and fro all day to let in the delivery boy and let out the children and the dog. There is no pausing on these door-sills, even our best friends "run in." Mechanical doors that, once opened, swing to of themselves and even lock themselves with a self-satisfied, smart little click. Such labor-saving, energy-saving, thought-saving doors behind which electric washing machines are noisily rocking the suds through soiled linen, and obtrusive vacuum cleaners are sucking the dust from rugs; behind which our modern generation with their sharp-cut gimlet-like faces and their nervous hands and feet are living their restless lives.

These doors are only surpassed in their ugliness and efficiency by that type of door that only an American could have invented and thus far only Americans have been able to use—the so-called revolving doors—those rudest and most ostentatiously modern of all doors, so bewildering to all gentle folk, to children, and to European visitors to our shores—those "step-lively" doors that have no sills, no archways, no porches, that have no mercy on meditative folk, that seem to us of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

timid nature to veritably suck us into their whirling vortex and deposit us as rudely on another shore. Fatal doors for poets and dreamers—Bolshevik doors bound to crush out the intelligentsia. Are not these doorways sounding the doom of all real doors?

I have a friend who prides himself on his up-to-date home, who has just invented a new device for his garage doors. As he enters his own driveway in his car, at just the proper distance from the garage he passes over an electric switch which opens his garage doors as magically as doors open on the stage, and he drives in without stopping his car. He does not even see these doors. They unfold to let him in and close back again when he has passed out. Such capable, self-sufficient doors—so like the smooth-faced, brisk-stepping young man who made them.

And so it is, I have wanted to write this little word of gratitude for the many beautiful doors of the world before we pass on into a completely doorless age. For that is the age into which we are passing now.

I think back to the early cavemen who from a huge pile of rocks and débris fashioned the first door. Rough stones closed in the first boundary that cut the savage off from his enemies. For the first time he was alone with those who hunted with him and the tribe was born. Generations whirled by and it was a door that separated those within the tribe and for the first time man found himself alone with his mate and the family came into being. More aeons and man shut himself behind doors that he might be alone with himself and out of this aloneness, behind that door, have leaped to birth all the great things of this earth. Those who have followed stars, those who have seen the beatific vision; those who have heard harmonies from far-off spaces have always lived behind closed doors. Where will poet, minstrel, and voyager find this solitude in a doorless world? How can we hear the inner voices when any intruder at any hour, day or night, can glide down a steel wire right into our house, even to our very bedside, or even enter our closed windows on the waves of the air as mysteriously as Peter Pan? How can we steal apart from the world when wood is being turned as transparent as glass by rays more wonderful than those from Aladdin's lamp?

The wilderness and the mountain top are too distant for us city dwellers. How can friend know friend, man know God, or know himself if he cannot go within and close a door? We are called an outdoor people and that is well. It is good to tramp the hills and sail the seas, to seek the silence of the woods or rest our cramped eyes on visions of limitless space, but when night comes or storms we want at least the flap of a tent to close us in. Let those of us who still flee at times from this world which is "too much with us," cling fast to even our poor wooden doors, and if it so be that by any chance it fall to our lot to build a door, let us remember the doors that Ezekiel saw and carve upon ours, too, cherubim and a palm tree.

CHURCH MUSIC IN TORONTO

By J. E. RONAN

THE Toronto Gregorian music festival, held during the past spring, was a decided success in that it gave fresh impetus to the reform of Church music—a movement to which Canada has given worthy aid. The festival gave expression to a conviction, growing among our teachers and choir masters, that what is worthy of the Pope's Motu Proprio is worthy of everybody's attention, and also possible of attainment.

The festival was a public declaration of this conviction and as such did much to form public opinion and public demand. It was particularly a success in that it imposed silence on those sad reformers who waste all their energies in deploring the low standards prevailing in this field and who despair of our children ever being attracted by anything but jazz or entertainments of the Mutt and Jeff variety. We must avoid using the words "propaganda" and "advertising" in connection with Church music reform because of their present-day vulgar associations with politics and commercialism. But if there has been any significant reform of Church music in Toronto during the last three years, it is the result of employing the main idea in advertising and propaganda: people generally think and do as they are told. The introduction of the Ward method in our parish schools, the closing of the schools for the two weeks' normal course given the 300 teachers, the persistent supervision of the work in the schools, the calling of the International Convention of the Society of Saint Gregory to meet in Toronto in May, 1924, the frequent press notices—all these means and others were used according to the policy that reform in art does not spring up everywhere at once as a spontaneous mushroom growth from the existing culture of a people, but is rather the result of competent, talented, and authorized leaders exhorting and instructing the public to see their own welfare in the study of art.

The festival comprised two performances, the children's festival in the afternoon, and the adult choir festival in the evening. In the afternoon an audience of 3,600, made up of children, teachers, religious and other adult listeners filled Massey Hall. A chorus of 750 children taken from the thirty-five separate schools of Toronto filled the chorus platform on the stage. It was a pleasing tableau to see, the boys in surplice and soutane, the girls in blue with red collars and cuffs. With remarkable ensemble, with a freshness of tone that indelibly impresses the memory, they sang their choruses joyfully. O Canada, God Save the King, and Holy God, We Praise Thy Name became acts of patriotism and faith. School after school sent forward its chosen group of choristers to demonstrate their achievements in sacred music. Boys came from Saint Clare, Holy Name, Saint Mary's, and Saint Paul's schools. Choirs of girls and boys represented Saint Helen's, Saint Michael's, and Saint Vincent's. The Junior School of Saint Joseph's Convent sent a choir of girls. The numbers included Gregorian as well as modern music, part-singing as well as unison, proper as well as ordinary of the Mass, Benediction motets, and English hymns from the Saint Gregory hymnal.

An outstanding feature of both afternoon and evening performances was the demonstration of the Ward method by a group of girls from the Annunciation parish school, New York. These children have been educated in music by Mother G. Stevens, and represent the Pius X School of Liturgical Music. In their singing they were directed by Mr. Theodore Heinroth, who is one of the finest representatives of Mrs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ward's famous method. What these children did in the line of sight singing was of such an excellence that we would be safe in challenging 90 percent of our professional musicians to duplicate it. They sang, unaccompanied, all kinds of unrelated intervals from the chromatic scale during a few minutes. They composed an original two-part piece from a given theme and sang it immediately at sight. A pleasant episode in their demonstration was when one of their number wrote an original melody on the blackboard and the thousands of Toronto children in the audience were asked to show their resources in the Ward method by singing it at sight. This they did correctly and nicely. Writing of this demonstration as it was given in Toronto at the Saint Gregory Convention in May, 1924, the Toronto Telegram praised it in these words:

"The work of the eleven young singers from New York was so far in advance of what everyday experience provides that we could make a story about it and nothing else.

"If we called it angelic in its sweetness, simplicity, purity, and earnestness we would not exaggerate. They sang in unison and in two- and three-part harmony. They sang Gregorian 'tunes' whose rhythms had no square-cut corners, but were floating strands of melody that you felt as plainly as you heard."

In their renditions of sacred polyphony by Ravanello, Palestrina, etc., they showed a command of phrasing, dynamics, and ease of technique that we have never seen equaled by even the foremost adult choirs.

The evening festival was equally an artistic success. The demonstration of the Ward method was repeated. The choirs that took part sang as trained choruses might be expected to sing, with good taste, pure tones, correct technique, and fine interpretation. The composers represented were Hamma, Nikel, Gabrieli, Attwood, Byrd, Caesar Franck, Palestrina, Orlando di Lasso, Shuetky, Perruchot, and Kalinnikof. Worthy of special notice is the fact that Gregorian chant, falso-bordone, and classic polyphony figured prominently on the program. Gregorian numbers were sung with impressive effect.

I have been asked by The Commonweal to add a few words about the movement in Canada generally. As for the French-speaking provinces, I can only say that the traditions of Gregorian chant there are far in advance of our own. In the big cities like Montreal and Quebec there are excellent adult choirs, and it is not unusual to go into a large church in these cities and hear hundreds of children singing Gregorian Vespers almost by heart. The colleges and high schools of Quebec give more time to the study of Latin and Church music than does the average Catholic college in other parts of Canada. It is the rule and not the exception in the rural parishes of French-Canada to have High Mass every morning of the year, and always there is at least one man—perhaps a baker or a butcher—who sings quite well the ordinary and the proper.

I have reason to believe, too, that before another generation passes in our English-speaking dioceses, we shall see equally edifying traditions established. Much has been done in the last five years. The Ward method has been introduced in their respective dioceses by their Lordships Bishop Fallon of London, Bishop O'Brien of Peterborough, Bishop McNally of Hamilton, Bishop Ryan of Pembroke, Archbishop Sinnott of Winnipeg, and Bishop Kidd of Calgary. We beg pardon that we have not complete information from other centres, but we know that in Halifax and Kingston good progress has been made. The young priests going out from our seminaries and the religious from our novitiates, have zeal for this reform.

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. SANDS ON INTERNATIONAL LAW

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. F. A. Casey (May 26) asks two pertinent questions concerning my reference to certain principles of international law (May 5) and the reasons why, if my statement is correct (that "our government, as a broad principle, has nothing whatever to do with the question of rights of Mexicans in spiritual matters as against their own government") "several of our Secretaries of State have endeavored to ensure religious liberty to the citizens of Mexico by treaty stipulation."

The two things are not only not incompatible, but are actually complementary.

If religious oppression were so severe in one country as to arouse general indignation among the citizens of a neighboring country, the only proper means for these latter to attempt to alleviate the situation would be through an attempt to reach a treaty agreement on the subject, since no other valid ground for intervention exists in the opinion of the majority of authoritative writers on international law.

John Bassett Moore's Digest of International Law, Volume VI, is entirely devoted in its 1,037 pages to some aspect or other of this problem of intervention.

Hall, another accepted authority has, in part, this to say of intervention: "Intervention takes place when a state interferes in the relations of two other states without the consent of both or either of them, or when it interferes in the domestic affairs of another state irrespectively of the will of the latter for the purpose of either maintaining or altering the actual condition of things within it.

"Prima facie, intervention is a hostile act, because it constitutes an attack upon the independence of the state subjected to it. Nevertheless, its position in law is somewhat equivocal. Regarded from the point of view of the state intruded upon it must always remain an act which, if not consented to, is an act of war. From the point of view of the intervening power it . . . is a measure of prevention, or police, undertaken sometimes for the express purpose of avoiding war. . . . Hence, although intervention often ends in war and is sometimes really war from the commencement, it may conveniently be considered abstractedly from the pacific or belligerent character which it assumes in different cases."

So much for intervention in general, and Catholics in America, if they are asking anything of the American government, are asking for intervention.

Now for the arguable causes for intervention: With a large number of authorities against him Sir Robert Joseph Phillemore upholds among the arguable causes of intervention that of "religious grounds" and has this to say: "The practice (if it can be called such) of intervention of one Christian state on behalf of the subjects of another Christian state upon the ground of religion dates from the period of the Reformation. It could scarcely, indeed, have had any earlier origin. The abstract principle of this kind of intervention has derived practical force from being embodied in various important treaties." (Note that he derives the force from treaties, not from fundamental right.)

"The treaties having for their object to secure the peaceable profession of religion are of two kinds: first, those which concern the exercise of religion of native subjects of the inter-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vening state commorant in a foreign land; and, second, those which concern the religion of foreigners not its subjects.

"These may all be enumerated as instances of Roman Catholic intervention in behalf of Roman Catholic subjects in countries ceded to Protestant sovereigns—an intervention which, it should be remembered, was almost invariably invoked by the inhabitants within the country."

Hall says also in this regard: "International law professes to concern itself only with the relations of states to each other. Tyrannical conduct of a government toward its subjects, massacres and brutality in a civil war, and religious persecution are acts which have nothing to do directly or indirectly with such relations. On what ground, then, can international law take cognizance of them? Apparently on one only, if, indeed, it be competent to take cognizance of them at all. It may be supposed to declare that acts of the kind mentioned are so inconsistent with the character of a moral being as to constitute a public scandal which the body of states, or one or more states as representative of it, are competent to suppress. The supposition strains the fiction that states which are under international law form a kind of society, to an extreme point, and some of the special grounds upon which intervention effected under its sanction is based are not easily distinguishable in principle from others which modern opinion has branded as unwarrantable."

All of this was expressed more briefly and more simply, I think, in my communication to The Commonweal of May 5, with which several gentlemen have disagreed so strongly. Its implications will be found also in a letter addressed to President Coolidge by the administrative committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference which has been made public since my article.

The bishops who signed that letter (which should stand as a model) were perfectly conscious of the limitations of government in this matter, and I think they have taken the only possible action.

As greatly as Catholics may take pride in that dignified and statesmanlike document just so earnestly may they deplore ill-advised and undignified attempts by some groups to make of this matter a domestic political issue in the United States.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Dr. James H. Ryan returns to the charge, and more than ever to my surprise, for he is charging, not me, but the body of international law and custom which (I beg to assure him again) I did not invent, flattering as may be that implication in his two letters.

Since he has thus openly entered the field of diplomacy, however, he will surely not take amiss a brief trespass on my part upon his own particular territory with a plea as strong as I can make it for at least a "distinguo." He sets down as "very false" the principle or convention that a government has no right to intervene on the ground of spiritual matters as between another government and that other government's own subjects (its own nationals, however called, within its jurisdiction). He sets it down as "false" in the particular case of Mexico, "because our government, since the days of President Wilson, has directly and immediately concerned itself with religious and educational matters in Mexico, and this, not once, but constantly."

Does he really not see that the two things may coexist? That they are not contradictory but complementary? That the underlying broad principle of usage between nations being what it is (a governing principle in the conduct of nation to nation, the existence of which his simple denial does not abolish) there is no way for one government to intervene with another in such a matter except: first, by bargaining, agreement, treaty; or, second, by constructive war—that is, by pressure, by some act which, no matter how pure its motive, cannot escape being hostile in its nature, for the reason that it is of necessity an invasion of the sovereignty of the nation upon which pressure is exerted, such an act bearing within itself the seed of war if the party of the second part resents the interference?

It may be, since we have attempted to bargain with Mexico and failed, that we shall be forced to exert pressure in some of "the hundred ways" with which, he suggests, I am familiar.

If we come to that I want it clear what we are doing, for, not only as a diplomat by profession, but also as a responsible private citizen, I like to weigh the consequences of my acts—and I have seen war. We cannot ignore first principles and hope for sound procedure.

If I may be permitted to say so here, I think it is rather a pity that in urging in this matter prudent consideration of first principles upon those who may have had no reason heretofore to study them, I collide—not with those to whom my remarks were addressed, but with one of that group of clerical gentlemen in Washington who so ably represent a large part of the hierarchy through the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and who have just made public a letter addressed to President Coolidge by that group of bishops presenting their views on the Mexican situation. I am happy to note, however, that in what I also have said on the same subject I am in full agreement with both matter and form of that letter, as I am with those authorities on international law, whom I have quoted.

Dr. Ryan seems to disagree with both. He is, of course, most fully entitled to his opinion, and I do not call it a false one, for I think that he is merely expressing, for the purpose of clarifying the public mind, a personal thought on a subject with the practical difficulties of which the evidence does not prove that he is acquainted.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FAITH IN PROTESTANT TOLERANCE

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—I am in thorough accord with the sentiments expressed by Mr. William Franklin Sands in your issue of May 19. Let us search our hearts and ask ourselves if we are not making excuses for our own mediocrity when we continually harp about discrimination against Catholics in American life. Let us get over the notion that the American Catholic Church is an Irish sect, and that we are all exiles from Erin, confessors for our faith.

The really big men produced by the Church in this country rose to the highest positions because they were best fitted to hold them.

There was much more bigotry during the period of the Revolution than now; and yet if we will but scan the pages of history for a moment we shall find that at that time Catholics had representation in the counsels of the nation altogether out of proportion to their numbers. And why? Because we had such men as the three Carrolls, the two Burkes, Thomas Sim Lee, the Brents, Barry, Moylan, Meade, and FitzSimons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When we return to that high standard we shall find that nothing can stop us in our career.

Cardinal Gibbons once said that what we Catholics need is an abiding faith in the good intentions of our non-Catholic fellow countrymen. Of course, while saying all this, I am not so blind as to ignore the fact that many people in this country actually dislike and fear us. But, after all, these people are but a handful.

We have altogether too many "false alarms" posing as leaders; too many "yes" men for our own good.

JOHN ALDIS.

CIVIC PROMINENCE AND CATHOLICS

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editor:—Mr. William Franklin Sands's courteous rejoinder to my communication published on May 5 in The Commonweal, was read with interest. May I be permitted a few lines to clarify my previous statement anent the position and influence of Catholics in America?

First of all, let me hasten to assure Mr. Sands that I do understand the type of American Catholic that we would have act as a leaven in our present and future civilization and culture. I understand that this type should be learned and refined and thoroughly Catholic. Moreover, the production of this highly desirable type must ever claim the best efforts of our educators.

Mr. Sands says that I lay stress on numbers. I did not intend to stress numbers merely as numbers but to make clear that numerical preponderance and the submitted facts of history are basic factors that will always enter into any discussion where influence is concerned.

Again, Mr. Sands thinks I emphasize bigotry and prejudice. This was not my intention, and I stated so in my letter. To emphasize the existence of anti-Catholic prejudice is a mistake; to say that prejudice against Catholics, precisely as Catholics, does not exist is also a mistake. I shall pass over the prejudice of ignorance. But may it not be that, also among the intelligent, inherited or acquired misunderstanding, distrust, and even bias prevent at times a more generous bestowal of preferments and the attainment of positions of influence in every circle?

Our influence in a religious, cultural, and civic way could and should be more far-reaching and penetrating. That it is not we Catholics are in measure to blame, and frank discussion may disclose just wherein we are to blame. But it is wrong to assume that the fault is entirely our own. We have had handicaps and still have. My purpose in writing has been to offer them for consideration, not to stress them unduly.

REV. CHARLES B. LARGAN, S.J.

UNIATS AND THEIR RITES

Abergavenny, Wales.

TO the Editor:—If others more qualified have not already done so, may an unlearned person be allowed to point out that, in criticising Mr. Gaselee's rather silly pamphlet on The Uniats and Their Rites, Mr. L. Maynard Gray has himself tripped.

First, Mr. Gaselee is justified in using the word "Uniat." Certainly it is disliked in the East, but it is a convenient term, understood and received in the West.

Second, the illustrations, so far as I remember, were of West Syrian Uniats. The priest surely was wearing, not a cope, but a phelonion. The altar was not so much unrubrical as unchaste; it was of the same type as scores in England and hundreds in the States, and of a sort much favored by Orientals.

Third, "the Maronites and Syrians ought to be Melchites." If one is going to talk in so undesirable a way, "the Melchites ought to be Syrians." For the West Syrian Uniats represent the native church of Palestine, the rite, so to speak, of our Lord; the Melchites are only Byzantine "intruders."

Fourth, there is a Roman Catholic patriarch of Antioch (i.e., of the Latin rite); it is a titular dignity and the holder resides in Rome.

Fifth, though no one of them lives at Antioch or has his "cathedra" there, all three Uniat patriarchs of Antioch are true governing patriarchs and not titular, as Mr. Gray states, of the Maronite and Syrian patriarchs.

Sixth, Mr. Gaselee is right in saying that "there is only one monastic rule in the East, the Basilian." Saint Theodore Studite drew up constitutions, not a new rule.

Seventh, certainly the ordination of married men, "picture screens," beards and long hair are not essentials of Byzantine or any other form of Christianity. But they are customs of the highest value to those who have them.

Eighth, 96 percent of the Ruthenian and 94 percent of the Catholic Rumanian secular clergy are married; have they slack ecclesiastical discipline?

Ninth, "the nearest living relative of the pre-Reformation rite (sic) of Catholic England is" not the present Roman Missal, but the Dominican use of the Roman rite.

DONALD ATTWATER.

THE SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE

Lenox, Mass.

TO the Editor:—As a constant reader of your able and interesting journal from its first number, I beg to say that I appreciate your fair and friendly spirit in dealing, as you must from time to time, with controversial matters. There is a small but not unimportant point, I venture to point out to you, to which that fairness and friendliness might be stretched.

In your recent appreciative comment on the Seamen's Church Institute you use this phrase: "The church that it is connected with is, of course, Protestant." That undoubtedly is your opinion, and since the word "Protestant" occurs in the legal title of the church to which you refer, you are technically entirely justified.

But then you know, Sir, quite as well as I do, that the Protestantism of the Anglican churches differs in degree and in kind from that of the Christian bodies the word generally connotes; and that there is a large number of Anglicans who find the word as applied to them offensive and misleading. Anglican or Episcopalian is far more accurate a description of us; and does not imply on your part the faintest recognition of our claims.

It seems to many people today an important and desirable thing that our communions should come to a better understanding of each other, and that can only be done as ignorance and prejudice are dispelled. Do you not think it may help to that end if on both sides, so long as we do not compromise with principle, we avoid even in casual allusion expressions that are distasteful to each other?

REV. LATTA GRISWOLD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

The Street of Doctors

In old Pekin a monarch reigned
Who in a high decree ordained—
"Each Doctor must a lamp provide
For every patient that has died,
No matter how they're multiplied;
On pain of death do we enact
That by his door, each prophylact
Shall keep his score of lamps exact."
Then straightway with a blaze of lights
The Street of Doctors shone by nights;
The world of fashion more and more
Strolled up and down before their door,
And blessed the shrewd old monarch's cue
For such a brilliant rendezvous.

While "Feasts of Lanterns" shamed the sun
Around the porticoes of one,
His neighbor filled a lamp or two
Rejoicing patients were so few;
Or else when things looked bright and bad
Brought on the case some likely lad,
And called in consultation him
Whose rival lamps looked all too dim—
(A game, though hardly after Hoyle,
Of how to save the midnight oil.)
Yet while all Chinaland grew bright,
With spirit lamps, alas, what plight!
Dyspepsia fastened more and more
Upon their dear old emperor,
Until with tonsils, blue and furry,
He bade the mandarins to hurry,
And fetch, to ease his gripes and cramps,
The doctor with the fewest lamps.

By north and south and east and west
They journeyed on their slippered quest;
And made their census of the lights
Through glasses smoked to save their sights;
Or, wisdom-lighted, far would prowl
Through dismal haunts of bat and owl,
Cursing the darkened doors in wrath
Of osteo- and hydro-path;
Not knowing as they barked their shin
That every ill was cured within.
At last into the sacred door
They ushered to the emperor
A most tremendous, strange M. D.
Whose porch-lamps numbered only three—
Who called for fire and called for ice,
For plovers' eggs, and purple mice,
Nux-vomica, and mermaids' toes
And chutney sauce, which he boiled and froze
And shook into a salmon tint.
And decked the cup with a sprig of mint.

The Son of Heaven was heard to gulp
As he tossed it down to the very pulp;
His eyes bulged out, and he muttered, "My, sir,
You certainly pour an appetizer!
But tell me, now, while your balm is working
How long have you been so darkly lurking?"
The M. D. stiffened down to his cue
As he noticed the emperor turning blue—
"O, Son of Glory, but yesterday
I got my practice underway;
Three lamps I lighted to make my score,
For the market was short of any more—
I mean no wrong to professional brothers,
So I hope tonight to display some others."

THOMAS WALSH.

Helen Old

Child:

"Great lady, were you Helen long ago?
And were you beautiful as all men say?"

Helen:

"Yea, child, my name was Helen . . . I think so . . .
Helen? . . . I thought of her but yesterday."

Child:

"There was a song of Helen . . . 'World's Delight.'
It names her, 'Heaven Fair' and 'Rose Divine.'"

Helen:

"A song? . . . 'Tis true one sang to me by night
Of Helen's eyes—what color, child, are mine?"

Child:

"No color, lady. Tell me of that host,
So splendid brave, who fought before Troy's town."

Helen:

"A host of shadows, child . . . ghost locked with ghost . . .
Blows falling light as sea-mist drifting down—"

Child:

"Tell of that day which saw great Hector die,
Dragged in the dust beneath the echoing gate!"

Helen:

"Hector! . . . was that his name? I often try
To fit the names . . . they slip and change of late . . . "

Child:

"But, lady, you were Helen . . . tell but one
Of those famed battles joined to make you free!"

Helen:

"All battles are the same when they are done . . .
But Helen, once, saw moonlight on the sea . . . "

Child:

"Then tell me of the happy vows you paid
When you returned—the crowds, the pageantry!"

Helen:

"Returned, you say? . . . returned? . . . But Helen stayed
In Troy . . . I know . . . Cease, child—you trouble me!"

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Henry IV

WE have to thank the Players' Club of New York for a very important contribution to this year's theatrical season and, incidentally, to the history of the drama in New York—for by reviving part one of Shakespeare's Henry IV, they have allowed New York to see this play for the first time in thirty years. Disregarding for the moment both the glamour and awe attaching to anything Shakespearean, one is tempted to be somewhat heretical and to note that as a play it lacks nearly all of the unities essential to creating the full illusion of the theatre. It is really not one play, but two; giving forth two totally different moods connected only by the tenuous thread of young Prince Hal's wanderings. It reminds one irreverently of a first-class libretto for light opera.

As a re-creation of old England and the rebellion led by Henry Percy against his king, we have a story of considerable dramatic force and high moment. This Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, is, to my way of thinking, one of the best brief character studies that Shakespeare ever created. The theme behind his revolt reminds one strangely of Brutus without the ponderous stupidity which is apt to make this hero rather weighty. One's natural sympathies go out to Hotspur, and a play that centered itself around him as completely as Julius Caesar centers around Brutus would undoubtedly make a drama of great power, sweep, and romance. But in Henry IV, just as we find ourselves engaged in the interests of Hotspur, the immortal Falstaff turns our tears into laughter and sweeps one like a gale through the realms of rich low comedy—not mere comic relief, but such a pungent and glorious exhibition of plain genius that it ends up by quite overshadowing the story of Hotspur.

We must be content, then, to consider Henry IV in the nature of a double bill entertainment—a comedy and a romantic tragedy with many chances for acting of a very high order. To list the entire cast of the Players' Club revival would be to name nearly every prominent actor not actually employed elsewhere at this thin end of the season. From the special prologue written by Brian Hooker and delivered in herald's costume by John Drew to the least of Falstaff's extraordinary recruits played by so capable an artist as J. M. Kerrigan, there has probably never been a cast of greater competency or individual skill. It is almost unnecessary to add that in a performance of this sort there are many rough spots. Individual stars do not always lend themselves with perfect grace to ensemble production. The result in effect reminds one at intervals of the spirit emanating from amateur theatricals—not, of course, in the perfection of individual performance, but in the undue prominence attained by small parts and the general atmosphere in the audience itself which takes a naturally keen and friendly delight in the appearance of its favorites whether in purple or rags. Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, the revival of Henry IV was a notable event in bringing to another generation of playgoers the extraordinary sweep of Shakespearean characters, the long unheard beauty of many of the lines, and above and beyond all, the most amazing character of theatrical time, Sir John Falstaff.

Sir John, in this revival, came back to us through the person of Otis Skinner. I say advisedly came to us through Otis Skinner because this distinguished artist gave as fine an exhibition as I have ever seen on the stage of the complete suppression of self in order that the character of the jovial old knight might completely live again, unhampered by time, space, or the personality of an actor. I wish that every actor of importance on the American stage could have been brought by hook or crook to see this portrait given us by Mr. Skinner. Our stage at the present time is conspicuously weak in actors who have either the talent or the courage to achieve a true plane of artistry. Perhaps the best description of Mr. Skinner's work is to call it complete. He was not satisfied to give us the surface of Sir John—vast though that surface is supposed to be. This new Sir John was not even unbelievably fat. He was fat enough, it is true, to justify Prince Hal in calling him a "ton of man," but he was not so fat as to make his mere entrance upon the battlefield an absurdity. Mr. Skinner's Sir John was a man first and foremost, human, loyal, lovable, and transparent as a June sky. There was something in him that made you feel that in the remote past Sir John had, perhaps, merited his knighthood. He was roistering, vulgar, keenly alive to the art of self-preservation, and irrepressible in his good humor. But he was not a mere lout. His soul, if not his body, was romantic. And throughout the performance there was never a moment when Mr. Skinner did not add to the rich humanity of the lines a complete and constant pantomime which meant as much as the lines themselves, if not more. Yet the stage business which he used was never mere business, never simply an excuse for keeping hands, face, or feet occupied. There was a flow and rhythm to every movement, and never a moment in the performance when the art of the actor became self-conscious. The Falstaff of Otis Skinner was the kind of work that one sees two or three times in the course of a generation—flawless, the summit of an artistry that is almost lost to us today.

As a close second to Mr. Skinner's performance, I would put the Hotspur of Philip Merivale. In spite of the handicap which I have mentioned, of the divided interest in dramatic action, Mr. Merivale made Hotspur ring with all the splendor of romantic fervor, youthful temper, and sudden quick humor which Shakespeare must have intended. Time and again his utter naturalness completely broke through the difficulties of the dramatic situation until the death of Hotspur on the battlefield became a moment for honest and unsentimental tears. In the amusing scenes with his wife, Lady Percy, so buoyantly and archly played by Peggy Wood, the play suddenly caught the quaintness of a domestic comedy. The love of a man for his wife never shone more clearly through the surface crust of a warrior than at these moments.

Perhaps the weakest performance of the revival, measured by the opportunities it offered, was Basil Sydney's Prince Hal. It will be recalled that Mr. Sydney's modern Hamlet was a very interesting, if not fully convincing, piece of work. For that purpose his slow and excessively clear-cut diction which, by a special trick or mannerism, seems to follow his thought by a perceptible interval, served to add to the neurotic and confused note which evidently seemed to him the key to Hamlet's character. But these same mannerisms hardly fit the person of Prince Hal. Please note that Mr. Sydney did

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not give a bad performance. He had his very fine moments, but they were confined in a general way to the more serious and elocutionary passages. What he conspicuously lacked was the ease and naturalness which Mr. Merivale achieved so admirably in Hotspur. Unless you accept the theory that Prince Hal himself was merely acting in all his escapades with Falstaff and the ruffians of the Boar's Head Tavern, so conscious and deliberate a Prince Hal as Mr. Sydney's is hardly credible. It is quite true that one must be able to see in the vagabond Hal something of the approaching dignity of a king, something which will foreshadow and explain the later developments of Henry V. But to effect this impression it is surely unnecessary for the young prince to appear to be acting a part throughout all his contacts with Falstaff. Mr. Sydney gives us none of the free and complete abandonment to a merrier mood which alone would account for Falstaff's complete attitude of familiarity.

Beside the excellent Lady Percy of Peggy Wood, Blanche Ring added a goodly share of enjoyment by a fulsome and skilful portrait of Mistress Quickly ably assisted in the comedy management of the Boar's Head Tavern by the inimitable Francis of James T. Powers. Other excellent portraits in the long cast included the Henry IV of William Courtleigh, and the Lady Mortimer of Eileen Huban.

In spite of the difficulties of the play itself and all the minor criticism which might be brought to bear, this revival had many features which will make it live long and gloriously in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. Somewhere there may be a commercial manager who will recognize that the Falstaff of Otis Skinner could be made comparable in popular interest to the Cyrano of Walter Hampden. It is not a performance which should be allowed to pass quietly into theatrical history. It belongs to the living stage.

The Big Parade

FRESH from the triumphs of characterization attained in What Price Glory, Laurence Stallings, one of its authors, has written the scenario of one of the most effective motion pictures launched this year. The Big Parade is, of course, a story of the American part played in the great war, but it manages by skilful manipulation of plot to center the interest effectively on the four or five principal characters. This obviates at once the feeling that the battle scenes are merely stock news reels resurrected from war days and served up with a slender thread of story to bind them.

You can look long and hard to find any unpatriotic sentiments in this film. At the same time it manages in a very forceful way to impose its own conclusion as to the futility of war when reckoned in its human cost. In this respect it seems to me a far more skilful piece of propaganda in the cause of peace than a play such as Channing Pollock's The Enemy where the preachment is so obvious as to lessen greatly the dramatic interest. The Big Parade keeps rigidly to its purpose of telling a story—a story that proceeds with a swift, sure action, ample love interest, and genuine though not overdone pathos. The war scenes are a conscientious attempt to picture conditions as they existed. Certainly no war film that I have ever seen has managed to catch in an equal degree, the grinding power of the war machine as it ate up men, steel, hopes, ambitions, and illusions. There is lots of humor scattered throughout the picture and many extraordinarily fine bits of photography and mass direction. King Vidor, its director, has achieved here something of real importance.

BOOKS

Problems in Pan-Americanism, by Samuel Guy Inman. New York: George H. Doran and Company. $2.00.

PROBLEMS in Pan-Americanism is well named; and there are few such problems more serious than that which the author mentions on Page 380: "It is a well-known fact that in Protestant missionary circles in the United States that the general impression has been in the past that any kind of a person would do to send as a missionary to Latin America. People who have not had the intellectual and spiritual qualifications to be sent to the Orient have at times been sent to Mexico and South America with the thought that anything was good enough for those fields."

What are these "intellectual and spiritual qualifications"? The reviewer was once asked to deliver an address before the Y. M. C. A. in Buenos Aires, and spoke at some length on the history of that city, where the earliest Associated Charities in the new world were founded. The Y. M. C. A. secretary in charge was horrified: "We don't want to hear about Rivadavia and San Martin—we want to hear about leading these people to God" Comment seems superfluous. Incidentally, since the reviewer's religious beliefs prevented—and still prevent—his affiliating himself with the Y. M. C. A., it is impossible for him to state what the policy of that organization is in Latin America. According to Mr. Inman, on its advancement there appears to hinge the solution of many, if not most, Pan-American problems; and it is refreshing to find that Mr. Inman notes that "change of attitude must come in this country [the United States] if we are to have a real friendship with Latin America." No sentences in his book are truer than the following: "We must realize that in Latin America there is a cultured class equal to any in the world. We must realize that they have produced some of the world's greatest men."

But it is a little difficult to ascertain, after reading the innumerable quotations which consume the greater part of Mr. Inman's book, as to just how this change of attitude is to be accomplished. The reviewer is more than disappointed at the lack of historic background everywhere noticeable throughout this volume. So much of it is given over to an account of Mr. Inman's personal visits to prominent South Americans that one rather gathers the idea that he considers himself as one of the discoverers and pioneers, and that little or nothing of any value had been done, said or written before he entered on his self-appointed "survey of social conditions"—and many of his surveys could be very pleasantly paralleled with accounts written by Latin Americans of their visits to the United States. Has our treatment of our own Indians been one whit better than that of the countries whom Mr. Inman so violently accuses? And how about our divorce problem?

The allusions to the development of commercial relations between Latin America and the United States are particularly disappointing. No attempt is made to give any historical background or to analyze in any detail the subject of international competition for the Latin American market. The chapter entitled Early Efforts Toward Pan-Americanism is sketchy and superficial, and utterly fails to show how it was that the early commercial contacts broadened into the first official and diplomatic relations. Had Mr. Inman studied some of the writings to which he alludes in his bibliography a little more carefully, he could have vastly improved his treatment of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Pan-American commercial background, so ably dealt with by Professor Robertson of Illinois.

The relative importance of our trade with Latin America before and after our Civil War, and the influence of an American-owned merchant marine on all our Pan-American relations might well have received ample treatment in Mr. Inman's volume. Another subject pathetically slighted is the background of our scientific contacts—which began with the visit of the Brazilian, Hyppolito José da Costa Pereira, to the United States in 1798-1799 (he was the only South American whom we know to have seen George Washington personally) and not in 1903, as we might be tempted to judge from the section on Practical Scientists in Latin America. Incidentally, how about the young Cubans whom Bishop Flaget of Louisville brought to the United States to study in 1801? And the fact that a President of Chile and a Minister of Foreign Affairs of Peru were graduates of Georgetown University? The Pan-American activities of both Georgetown and Notre Dame, to say nothing of many other honored United States institutions of learning, are strangely absent from Mr. Inman's book. Could he not, as a mere act of justice, mention that Engineer Luis A. Huergo, one of Argentine's most outstanding scientific men, was twice unanimously elected President of the United States Universities' Club in Buenos Aires—and that he and his distinguished brother were graduates of Mount Saint Mary's College in Maryland in 1857?

There is a crying need for some well-proportioned book that will answer the pressing urgency for a real introduction to Latin American problems. Mr. Inman had a chance—and he unfortunately missed it. He has given us some ideas on Latin American literature, especially poetry, which are to a certain degree stimulating; and, though neither the steamship company nor the leading business firms, which have possibly been as great factors as any in bringing the Americas close together, are anywhere considered worthy of reference or mention, it is possible that his book may not be without influence in arousing some interest in Pan-American commerce. The misspellings—"Nebuco" for "Nabuco" on Page 32, "Velara" for "Valera" on Page 24—do not add to the value of Mr. Inman's production. The reviewer, who has studied at the universities of Buenos Aires and at that of San Marcos at Lima, cannot but express his profound regret at the attitude maintained throughout the book of criticism of so much that our Latin American cousins are doing to help themselves, and deeply regrets the publication of the statements regarding education in Latin America. We in the United States would be the first to resent any such criticism of ourselves—does Mr. Inman remember the parable about taking the beam out of our own eyes before criticizing the mote in our brother's?

CHARLES YON CHANDLER.

Pig Iron, by Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE interests of Charles G. Norris, as a novelist, center innately upon various aspects of Americana. He is a bulky force in the continuance of the revolt against the sentimental tradition of the American novel, so successfully initiated by his brother, Frank Norris, and other pioneering novelists of the last years of the past century and the early years of this. In his new novel, Pig Iron, we have a phase of the revolt against the village—the shift of population to the cities, and the moulding of the raw product, by the prevailing social order, into its own image. The technique is objective and the criticism by implication.

Samuel Osgood Smith is just a normal, healthy, country boy, with considerable sentiment and a fine physique from hard farm work. His heritage and the background of New England are fully presented, with his early youth on the farm, its tragedy of the soil, and the sad circumstances under which he left for New York. He is taken in charge by his Uncle Cyrus, a deacon in a large Protestant church, a man of means with a butler and an impressive brownstone front for his home. Here he becomes aware of the import of religion in life and the ways of the world in the Age of Innocents. It is the New York of steam elevated, horse-cars, gaslights and the old 400, when Fourteenth Street and Broadway were the crossroads of a city that was quickly to be vanquished by industrial change and expansion.

To succeed in this smug, prosperous era, it was necessary to conform to a severe moral pattern, and yet, transition was unconsciously in flux within this restricted social order. The young people weren't infused with the almost frenzied, stark religious feeling of their elders. The force of rationalization, the predominant insistence upon material prosperity, the spiritual barren of the period, had taken its toll, and the Protestant church was emphasizing the social element to excess. The popular Bible class of Mr. Wright was a place where you made good contacts for getting on. Here, in its functioning, we have the beginnings of the uplift movement, whose social consciousness, increasing with years, abetted by the humanitarianism of the Victorian age, has found outlet and expression in its efforts to purify society at large by sumptuary legislation.

The solemn, chilly, and smug atmosphere of his uncle's house held slight allurement for Sam. With some of the spirited members of Mr. Wright's Bible class, he was introduced to books, speculative and cultural ideas, and the appreciation of the pleasure of life. The revolt of Sam was furtive. It had nothing of the present-day articulate note. He fell in love with a country girl, who had been brought to New York, and deserted by an actor. They lived in rooms on Christopher Street—supported by his slight salary—and were happier than they were ever to be again this side of paradise. After a year their venture smashed on the rocks of poverty, misunderstanding, and human weakness. She left him.

Bitter disillusionment followed—women lost all appeal. He resolved to make money—and more money. That became his credo. He inspired confidence in other men and had the ability to sell. He married the daughter of his boss. With her money, in the panic of 1893, he bought a bankrupt wire mill. He won the favor of that plunging gambler, John W. Gates, and increased his wealth. In Wall Street, he came within a point of losing his growing fortune and his wife's inheritance. Saved by the upward turn of the market, he withdrew and started an iron foundry. His rise to great wealth is the story of the industrial change of this country. His big money, however, was made in periods of financial chaos, where he acquired at minimum, the property that others couldn't hold. His life had become business. His wife and two children were far from his desire, and his attitude toward them was one of agreeing to disagree. His start was in a period where the ownership of railroads was stolen overnight, and his final position of financial dominance is the complex modern life of today.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pig Iron is a panorama of the transition of the American scene. It is peopled with a score of fine characterizations. Norris has that high merit of story-telling, the ability to create character, and his portrait of Smith is worthy to stand with Babbitt and Hurstwood. A resurgent force throws life into perspective and the friends of his youth, and their destinies, mingle ironically with the successful figure of Smith. It is a satirical recital of the opportunity of life in this country, with the satirical emphasis occasionally so slight as almost to escape intent. Mr. Norris's ideas in some instances are not fully articulate. Yet it is a novel of social protest. A novel whose thesis has been buried by the humanity of its characters, to its proper position—that of a point of view. Its grasp of life, its pity, understanding, probing feeling, and irony place Charles G. Norris among the important novelists of contemporary fiction.

EDWIN CLARK.

Essays on Nationalism, by Carlton J. H. Hayes. New York: The MacMillan Company. $3.00.

PROFESSOR HAYES has made in this volume a contribution to the understanding of certain fundamental phenomena underlying modern world conditions the importance of which can hardly be overrated. He, as author of this contribution, could hardly do more than point out almost casually, as he has done, the need for a comprehensive study of this subject, since there is no other such work in any language; he cannot say as strongly as can his reviewers that it is unique in that it places conveniently, concretely, and comprehensively before this nation and before the Catholic student a basis of study of grave importance to both.

The author defines the modern doctrine of nationalism in its two-fold aspect as follows: first, that each nationality (i.e., a group of persons speaking the same language and observing the same customs) should constitute a united independent sovereign state; and second, that every national state should expect and require of its citizens, not only unquestioning obedience and supreme loyalty, not only an exclusive patriotism, but also unshakable faith in its surpassing excellence over all other nationalities and lofty pride in its peculiarities and its destiny. "This," he says, "is nationalism, and it is a modern phenomenon."

He has chosen as his medium of expression a happy style, simple, easily readable and understood, almost colloquial and suggestive of the easy familiarity of the lecture room. His lightness of touch in treating what might seem to be to the average reader a somewhat prosy subject is reminiscent of that gift of Graham Wallas who can make so grey a theme as The Growth of Local Self-Government in England a narrative every bit as fascinating as an Irish fairy-tale by Stephen Graham.

He takes his definition of nationalism, innocuous or even praiseworthy as it might seem as set down boldly, and traces the phenomenon it expresses from its origins, through its gradual growth and later swift development under the pressure of various world trends and forces to its present-day effects: to the world war, to post-war jealousies and suspicions, to the doctrine of self-determination carried to its ultimate consequences with cumulative destructive force. While these effects and consequences are common to all the world, and lie at the root of all the varied forms of nationalistic and of much of international striving and disturbance, all that he says is directly applicable to us and might well and advantageously be introduced for study into the classrooms of every Catholic college in the United States.

We also are suffering in America, acutely, from the same evil (which I think Professor Hayes very rightly sets down as evil) of "nationalism as a religion." We are suffering from a growing insistence upon the absorption of everything—even religion and education into the nation, and we are suffering equally from the reaction of racial groups in the general community against any such intolerance to things they rightly hold sacred as is manifested in the process of forceable absorption. In the conflict, group nationalism too often tends to confusion between race and religion, an important point which Professor Hayes has wisely left to right interpretation by the good sense of the American public, since to dwell upon it, even though it needs to be said, might easily have impaired the carrying power of his book in the present temper of the world. The main object of his study, I take it, is to awaken and stimulate thought upon a matter so delicate and so vital to the right growth of "Americanism" and the right development of the Church in America.

The two chapters on Nationalism as a Religion, and Nationalism and Intolerance are of particular present value. Most useful, in the former, is his reminder that: "as one studies historic Protestantism one is impressed less by the novelties which the reformers introduced into the content of Christianity than by the conservatism with which they clung to certain central dogmas and rites of the older Christian Church." An excellent contemporary illustration of that very fact may be found in the series of confessions of faith running in The Forum and other magazines and publications in the English-speaking world.

Most timely is his warning to us that: "The time may come when, by the spirited stirrings of ultra-nationalists, the American melting pot will be a seething cauldron of fiery non-fusible nationalism. If nationalism proceeds unchecked and proud and intolerant, it is bound to produce even uglier domestic strife."

There is meat in his remark that: "The ancient reflective Roman imagined that one chosen people was one too many for general comfort and safety; the thoughtful modern Christian may be pardoned for being a bit pessimistic about a world devoid of a Roman empire and replete with dozens upon dozens of chosen peoples."

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The House of God, by Ernest H. Short. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

MR. ERNEST SHORT has accomplished, in The House of God, a task of magnitude in producing a history of architecture, the purpose of which is to show the relationship of religious belief to civilization and architecture. The book as a compilation is rich in information and unusually broad in scope. Its design is comprehensive and in the forepart the book attains an epic sweep which adds to its informing character a fascination the writer has never encountered in architectural histories. While the effort to humanize architecture in historical narrative is not new, Mr. Short has brought to the task an aesthetic sensibility, which in its alliance with profound archaeological and historical knowledge, forms a combination that is rare equipment for the purpose of the book.

Archaeology is a told story written for specialists but The House of God has no archaeological dryness—it is as moving as life itself. Starting with the most primitive type of jungle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sanctuary, a matter of reeds and boughs, the book takes the reader through the great spaces of the past where are envisaged with moving force and poetic grandeur, civilizations and the noble investiture of civilizations, architecture. The book carries a spell of its own making. Over its pages broods the sensibility and longing of a soul looking with wonder, yet with understanding, on past greatness. The mood of the forepart of the book raises that portion to the plane of an art work. It is only a matter of regret that this mood is not sustained throughout. The cause of the failure in the design of the book is an interesting one as it is the same as that which lies at the basis of our artistic poverty in architectural design.

In the forepart this mood of the book is the product of unity of material with treatment which imparts to it the nobility of the architectures and the spacious grandeur of the ages discussed. It is an evocation of the past, reticent, detailed only with reference to the design of the book and not to the point of voluminosity. This is important, because while Mr. Short's book is a history it is, I believe, that and something more. Its purpose is to show the potency of the idea of God in the development of great architectures and the book must be critically estimated, not only as an historical and archaeological narrative, but also as an art work in which the justification of the method and treatment lies in its unity with the central idea. This brings to consideration a curious weakening of Mr. Short's book, which paradoxically occurs at the point in the historical narrative where the strength and volume of material is greatest, the Gothic era. We have grown accustomed to the harm to creative architectural design resulting from looking too long into the face of the past. Our architects are overwhelmed by its grandeur, swamped by its wealth of detail, overengrossed in its age long, highly developed finish. An historian of the cold enumerative type only dimly sensible to aesthetic values might escape the trap of this vast perfection, which has caught Mr. Short, sensible as he is to it, as it has also caught the architects of our time, and to their undoing.

Perhaps in Mr. Short's case it is the closeness of the Gothic era and the wealth of detailed information available, but the portion dealing with that period, which might be described as the climax of the design of the book, suffers in comparison with the preceding part. Not that the matter, as history, is not well treated. It is a mine of information, but the mood so marvelous and moving which the book creates, is impaired in this section just as it is destroyed in the chapters on Post-Reformation Architecture and on Religious Architecture of the Nineteenth Century. These seem to have been written too uncritically with a specious idea of completeness and as the matter is puerile as compared with greater epochs, Mr. Short seems hard put to glorify the meanness and poverty of epochs for which he probably has scant sympathy. His critical judgment seems to be in abeyance, so eager is he to make the service of indifferent and unfeeling architectures, that of God's worship, reason for the glorification of inept buildings, even to the point of sentimentalizing them.

In the handling of the material of the Gothic era, this, of course, is not the fault. There the evil is not that of lack of material but rather over-richness of material. The volume of information has produced too great a mass of detail for the fine design of the book and the forest, the beautiful forest of Mr. Short's creation, disappears because of the trees. Considering the historical excellence of this portion of the book this criticism would be captious were it a history of Gothic

PORTSMOUTH SCHOOL

PORTSMOUTH, R. I. *(Eight miles north of Newport)*

To be opened by the Benedictine Fathers of the English Congregation, Sept. 28th, 1926. These fathers conduct Downside and Ampleforth Schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland.

Six Years' Course ***College Preparatory***

For further information, apply to

Very Rev. F. WULSTAN KNOWLES (Prior) O.S.B., or Rev. J. HUGH DIMAN, O.S.B. (*Head Master*)

St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW

An illustrated critical review covering all that is best in Catholic art of the past and the present.

ARCHITECTURE—PAINTING, SCULPTURE AND DECORATIVE ART —LITURGICAL ART—MUSIC—POETRY—THEATRE

Published every two months

THE CATHOLIC ART REVIEW

13 Maple Street **London, W. 1, England**

Price: $3.00 *per annum, post free*

WHAT COLLEGE THIS SEPTEMBER?

No more important question can be asked a parent when a son or daughter is about to graduate from high school. No better answer can be found than the one given in

WHY A CATHOLIC COLLEGE EDUCATION?

This booklet prepared by the Bureau of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference submits facts on college education which should be placed before every student about to complete high school training. The reasons for a college education, the choice of college, and all the other important elements involved in higher education are placed before student and parent so that they may be intelligently guided in their choice of college.

A copy should be in the hands of every Catholic high school student.

Ten Cents a Copy **Eight Dollars a Hundred**

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE CONFERENCE

Publications Department

1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

architecture alone. Mr. Short, however, created his own standard in the forepart of his book and while archaeologists and historians are many, the artist and his gifts are rare and must be unwillingly foregone.

BARRY BYRNE.

Verdi, by Franz Werfel. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

FRANZ WERFEL, so vividly flashed upon the American mental screen, is nowhere more obviously himself than in the biographical novel, Verdi, so curiously passionate and yet intrinsically aloof from its theme. Even though one bears in mind certain random notions dear to Nietzche, it is astonishing to find a German writer cheering with all his heart the melodic genius of Italy. Equally queer are the imaginative convolutions of the novel itself—the painstaking, ruminative, and yet detached sketch of Venetian life into which the Maestro comes silently, in the hope of a regenerative holiday; the brilliant analysis of his sharp battle with the burdening genius of Wagner, and with the unescapable inhibitions of time; and the ensemble of grotesque human abnormality, sickeningly futile, which sets the healthy soul of Verdi in relief.

Werfel is one of the most representative of modern European literary Jews. He has the best of Semitic creative gifts: indestructible spirituality, not to be captured by any code or formula; an eye for sensual atmosphere, which sees even while it repudiates repulsive animalism; and a matchless aptitude for emotional syntheses which, though nothing more to him, fundamentally, than spectacles, can arrest his ardent sympathy. But if these are gifts, one may be pardoned for suggesting that, from the European point of view, they are dangerous ones. The gleaming coruscations of the tribe of Juda are really not far different from spiritual Saint Vitus's dance. We who have seen Werfel toy with Christian sentiment, especially in his earlier poems, have also seen the Böckgesang, which is at bottom a quite fierce negation of civilized man. His versatility, his marvelous range of imaginative adaptation, are not at all dilettanteism; they are simple manifestations of a superb, frustrated ambition to share the cenacles of the Christian mind.

Yes, Franz Werfel can write of Verdi as no German could, or ought to, because he is not himself a German. The book is a fascinating, often a philosophic, tour de force. But one really does not have to know much about the author—that is, much besides what is written between the lines of Verdi—to realize that the whole thing is a hymn to a picture which has enchanted momentarily, and which may give way tomorrow to its no less enchanting opposite. If this restless, insatiable, flaming Semitic mind is hauntingly meteoric, perhaps there is no harm in recalling the permanence and charm of the stars.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

CONTRIBUTORS

L. J. S. WOOD is the Rome correspondent of The Tablet (London).

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL is a magazine contributor of historical criticism, and the author of They Knew the Washingtons, and other books.

W. L. SCOTT, author of Studies on the Oriental Rites, is a King's Counsel of Ottawa.

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J., contributes poetry to the current magazines.

MAUDE DUTTON LYNCH is the author of The Magic Clothes Pin, and several other books for children.

J. E. RONAN is professor of sacred music at Saint Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, and the author of Catholic Church Music.

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY is a dramatist and the author of several books including Fires of Driftwood, and The Shining Ship.

CHARLES YON CHANDLER, an alumnus of the University of San Marco, Lima, is an expert on South American questions.

EDWIN CLARK is a contributor of literary criticism to the New York Times and other periodicals.

BARRY BYRNE, an architect of Chicago and one of the leaders in the newer schools of design, writes on architecture and literature for current magazines.

BRIEFER MENTION

An Outline of the History of Christian Literature, by George Leopold Hurst. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

"CHRISTIANITY is a literary religion," writes the author of this painstaking handbook of Christian Religion, beginning what the publisher announces to be the first attempt to sketch the history of Christian literature from "the making of the New Testament down to the close of the nineteenth century." It was assuredly something of a labor Dr. Hurst undertook in preparing to meet "the need of English-speaking Protestants with the Christian literature of the first fifteen centuries of the Church before the Reformation," and it is a somewhat curious spectacle to observe the turning of his mind upon Catholic authors, the magnifying and minimizing of works according to the peculiar Protestant claims upon their authority, for instance the brief space and cautious treatment accorded to Saint Thomas Aquinas as contrasted with the enthusiastic notice given to Savonarola. With the coming of the Reformation, the author is decidedly in a more comfortable field and produces a book that will be useful to students and searchers in reference libraries, who will be able to make their own deductions.

The Belgians: First Settlers in New York and in the Middle States, by Henry G. Bayer. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. $3.50.

AT a moment when the historical circumstances of early American life are attracting more attention than has ever before been the case, this volume devoted to the pioneer Belgians ought to interest a large number. It reviews the Belgian migration into the Netherlands during the era of Spanish persecution, and then proceeds to outline the effect this migration ultimately had upon the settlement of the American continent. The conclusions are temperate but the evidence, marshaled in quick array as it is, may well invite argument and refutation. A chapter entitled Refutation of Claims is particularly comparable to literary dynamite. We have no wish to investigate it further here, being sure that those who read the volume will enjoy it the more for being told that it must be read with an open mind. The publisher has done his best to render the volume attractive.

The Child on His Knees, by Mary Dixon Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

IN her new collection, The Child on His Knees, we find Mary Dixon Thayer in her most characteristic and most effective mood. These poems are a simple expression of the thoughts of a child who has been instructed in the Catholic religion and his own reactions to the mysteries of Christianity. The author attempts no flights of the imagination and the poems are all the better for this restraint. Mothers and convent educators will recognize at once Miss Thayer's success in her work. With all her naïveté, there remains the delicate touch of the art, holy and unaffected, which always marks her writing. The touch of fantasy in her Autumn Prayer will have an appeal for the grown-ups as well as the youngsters.

(The title-page and index for Volume III of The Commonweal are now ready, and will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume III in leather or in cloth, information regarding which will be supplied on application to The Commonweal.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"The newspapers announce," remarked Dr. Angelicus, "that the nurses of the Monmouth Memorial Hospital of Long Branch, New Jersey, have won their petition for the right of bobbed hair. The hospital authorities have been forced to abrogate their time-honored rule requiring these feminine attendants to wear their tresses unclipped."

The Doctor heaved a heavy sigh, and drawing forth his memorandum book and pencil, began making a note.

"What are you writing?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

He handed her the small, black leather book, pointing to the first page, on which she read:

"This book is the property of Dr. D. Angelicus, —— Street, New York City. In case of accident involving the necessity of conveyance to a hospital, the owner requests that he be taken to any one but the Monmouth Memorial Hospital of Long Branch."

Miss Brynmarian looked up inquiringly.

"I am sure," explained the Doctor, "that my chances of recovery would be slight if I had to be cared for by a bobbed-haired nurse. The mutilated appearance of her head would greatly aggravate me, and probably throw me into a high fever. The profession of nursing has, until now, had my deepest respect—I hope this movement in its ranks will be limited only to Long Branch."

"The advantages of bobbed hair to any profession for women are too obvious to enumerate," replied Miss Brynmarian. "Besides, we have gone into all this before, in arguments, which, if you will allow me to say so, Doctor, I feel I have distinctly out-reasoned you. However, I should just like to ask you one question. Is there any profession at all in which you do approve of bobbed hair?"

"One only," said the Doctor. "That of bandit. Bobbed-haired bandits, yes; but bobbed-haired nurses, never!"

"Ah," remarked Britannicus, who had entered the library during the Doctor's speech, and who appeared greatly disturbed, "you are speaking of the topic that is, at present, uppermost in my own mind. I have just come from the men's barber shop in the Wiltmore. Now, I approve in theory of bobbed hair. But I highly disapprove of the use of men's barber shops by bobbed women. It strikes me as very unseemly—this invasion of sanctums set apart, from time immemorial, for the privacy of man."

"Not only barber shops," complained Dr. Angelicus, "but smoking cars and bars as well. There seems to be no place left where men may be secure from the prying eyes of women."

"Why should they wish to be, Doctor?" asked Miss Brynmarian. "Surely your conduct when you are alone is not of such a character that you would be ashamed to have a woman observe it?"

"You know very well that is not the point," exclaimed Dr. Angelicus. "What Britannicus and I object to, is the invasion of the sacred rights of man's privacy."

"Exactly," said Britannicus. "For instance, a man, as he lies helplessly back in the barber's chair, a towel tied about his neck and his face covered with a thick, white lather, is hardly a dignified or attractive object."

"Hardly," admitted Miss Brynmarian.

"Well," continued Britannicus, a trifle self-consciously, "naturally he does not wish to run the risk of having, say, a lady in whose eyes he is particularly anxious to appear at his

College of Saint Elizabeth
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(*P. O. Address Convent Station*)
A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University, and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Intensive courses open to students preparing for the teaching profession. Home economics department. Bachelor degree in arts, science, and music.

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
58th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

Rings on your Toes . . . .

and bells on . . . .
Your feet . . . .
And Corns . . . .
or Bunions . . . .
If you wear . . . .
and forbear . . . .
Improper Shoes . . . .
Therefore . . . .
Always select . . . .
The Correct . . . .
and corrective . . . .
PEDIFORME . . . .
Shoes that fit . . . .
the feet . . . .
There's style . . . .
too—to these . . . .
Better shoes . . . .
and Doctors . . . .
say they're the . . . .
kind all Men . . . .
Women and Children . . . .
Should wear . . . .
A PEDIFORME . . . .
For every use . . . .
So Send for . . . .
STYLE BOOK K.

THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.
36 West 36th Street, New York
322 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRINTING SERVICE
Our working force is composed of trained men, selected because of their ability and willingness to make extreme efforts to satisfy our customers.
This feature of our organization accounts to a large extent for the long list of representative concerns that have continued to send us their printing orders for many years.
May we estimate on your printing?
Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Commercial Printing
BURR PRINTING HOUSE
Cor. Frankfort and Jacob Streets, New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KLONDIKE RANCH

offers you a wonderful summer of western ranch life. Riding, fishing and camping. In the mountains, altitude, 6,000 feet. Illustrated booklet on request. Catholic management. *Address*:

KLONDIKE RANCH Buffalo, Wyoming.

CAMP ON-TI-ORA IN THE CATSKILLS

A SUPERIOR CATHOLIC CAMP FOR GIRLS

Horseback Riding, Swimming, Tennis, Field Sports, Camping Trips, Handcraft, Dancing. *For illustrated catalogue address*

MISS JOSEPHINE COWHEY

1061 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York City

Telephone, Billings 4370

SETON HILL

"The Tiffany of Women's Colleges"

GREENSBURG, PA. ***43 minutes from Pittsburgh***

MOUNT DE SALES ACADEMY

At CATONSVILLE, five miles from Baltimore

Under the supervision of the Sisters of the Visitation

***Courses in* Music, Languages and College Preparatory**

Write Directress for Catalogue

Affiliated with the Catholic University of America

RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS

ELEVATORS

ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON

EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY

BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

It Has Everything a Camp Should Have

BERCHMANS BOWER

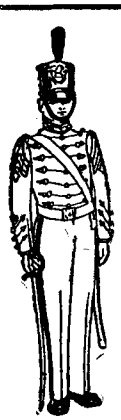
STRAFFORD BOW LAKE NEW HAMPSHIRE — A MOUNTAIN-LAKE CAMP FOR BOYS

Permanent Buildings. Resident Chaplain

300 Acres of Play Land, Golf, Horseback Riding and All Other Outdoor Activities.

$250 per season. Send for illustrated circular to

B. W. FEENEY, 1004 Grand Central Terminal, NEW YORK, N. Y.



CLASON MILITARY ACADEMY

Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States.

A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Approved by the Regents of New York State

Conducted by the Christian Brothers

***Address*: Sound View Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.**

best, come in and occupy the next chair to his. Such an occurrence would be enough to wreck any romance."

"If he had the barber put enough soap on, she might not recognize him," suggested Miss Brynmarian.

"But she did," exclaimed Britannicus woefully, now coming out with his secret, "and in my confusion I swallowed some of the lather. It had, unfortunately, a very disagreeable flavor."

"If she really loved you, it would not matter how you looked in the barber chair," said Miss Brynmarian, sentimentally. "Love me soapy, love me long," she trilled. "It was a good way to test the lady's affections. But let us get down to the real reason for your objection to women using men's barber shops," she continued. "In spite of your resentment over appearing in this rather intimate light before women friends, I still believe your protest is founded on something else."

"It's the principle of the thing," declared Britannicus. "The barber shop has always been the retreat of man, and no woman should ever be allowed to invade the sacred rights of man's privacy."

"No woman?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"No woman," chorused Britannicus and Dr. Angelicus in a breath.

"I suppose that what you call the sacred rights of man's privacy include manicurists, who, as I understand, have always been a necessity in men's barber shops," said Miss Brynmarian. "You won't deny they are women?"

"That's a totally different matter," exclaimed Britannicus. "They are there for the purpose of working at their legitimate profession."

"There seems to be no reason why men could not be trained as manicurists," replied Miss Brynmarian, "and if you both feel that no woman should appear in a barber shop, why don't you start a movement for such training?"

"But a man's hands are not fitted for such work," declared Britannicus. "They are not soft or delicate enough," he added, reflectively.

"I suppose not," replied Miss Brynmarian. "But you should, at least, be consistent. If lady manicurists, why not lady patrons? Will you tell me, Britannicus, if this morning, when you were being shaved, you were at the same time being manicured?"

"Yes," admitted Britannicus, rather self-consciously. "She is the blonde who always gives me my manicures, and I was just commenting on her unusual hair (very respectfully, of course) when I discovered the friend I have mentioned being bobbed in the next chair, and making no attempt to control her amusement."

"That was unfortunate," agreed Miss Brynmarian, sympathetically. "I am afraid, as you suggested, that the romance has been wrecked."

"Which one?" demanded Dr. Angelicus, as he made for the door.

"Where are you going?" inquired Britannicus.

"For a manicure," announced the Doctor, as he disappeared from view.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CAMP SWASTIKA

(For Boys 8-18) **Manitowish, Wisconsin.**

Motor launch, out-board motors, row-boats, canoes, *horses*, athletic fields. Competent staff, including *resident priest* and physician. Meals bountiful and scientifically planned. A Close-to-Nature with *home care*. Personally conducted by Professor and Mrs. Hardee Chambliss. Room 206, The Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED